3 Vol.

4

LETTERS

OF

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*,

IN PROSE.

1

IN PROSE

MR. ALEXANDER POPE'S

OF

WORKS

THE

LETTERS

OF

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*,

And Several of his FRIENDS.



LONDON:

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM



W. Kent inv. P. Fourdrinier Scul.

PREFACE.

IF what is here offer'd the Reader ſhould happen in any degree to pleaſe him, the thanks are not due to the Author, but partly to his Friends, and partly to his Enemies: It was wholly owing to the Affection of the former, that ſo many Letters of which he never kept copies were preſerv'd, and to the Malice of the latter that they were produc'd in this manner.

PREFACE.

He had been very disagreeably us'd, in the publication of some Letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a Woman who printed them without His, or his correspondent's consent, in 1727. This treatment, and the apprehension of more of the same kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from those who he imagin'd had kept any. He was sorry to find the number so great, but immediately lessen'd it by burning three parts in four of them: The rest he spar'd, not in any preference of their Stile or writing, but merely as they presery'd the memory of some Friendships which will ever be dear to him, or set in a true light some Matters of fact, from which the Scriblers of the times had taken occasion to asperse either his Friends or himself. He therefore lay'd by the originals, together with those of his Correspondents, and caus'd a Copy to be taken to depolite in the Library of a noble Friend; that in case either of the revival of slanders, or the publication of surreptitious letters, during his life or after, a proper use might be made of them.

The next year, the Posthumous works of Mr. *Wycherley* were printed, in a way disreputable enough to his memory: It was thought a justice due to him, to shew the world his better judgment; and

that it was his laſt reſolution to have ſuppreſs'd thoſe Poems. As ſome of the letters which had paſs'd between him and our Author clear'd that point, they were publiſh'd in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in theſe letters, and in thoſe which were printed without his conſent, there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of Wit, or affectation of Gayety, he may reaſonably hope it will be conſider'd *to whom*, and at *what age*, he was guilty of it, as well as how ſoon it was over. The reſt, every judge of writing will ſee, were by no means Efforts of the Genius but Emanations of the Heart: and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of neceſſity, rather than of vanity.

It is notorious, how many volumes have been publiſh'd under the title of his Correſpondence, with promiſes ſtill of more, and open and repeated offers of encouragement to all perſons who ſhould ſend any letters of his for the preſs. It is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the Publiſher's own accounts in his prefaces, viz. by tranſacting with people in neceſſities, [1] or of abandon'd [2] characters, or ſuch as dealt without names in the [3] dark. Upon a quarrel with one of

1 See the Preface to Vol. 1. of a Book called Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence.
2 Poſtſcript to the Preface to Vol. 4. 3 Narrative and Anecdotes before Vol. 2.

theſe laſt, he betray'd himſelf ſo far as to appeal to the publick in Narratives and Advertiſements: like that Iriſh Highway-man a few years before, who preferr'd a Bill againſt his Companion, for not ſharing equally in the mony, rings and watches, they had traded for in Partnerſhip upon *Hounſlow-heath*.

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addreſs'd to perſons to whom they never were written; [4] counterfeited as from Biſhop *Atterbury* to him, which neither that Biſhop nor he ever ſaw [5]; and advertiz'd even after that period when it was made Felony to correſpond with him.

I know not how it has been this Author's fate, whom both his *Situation* and his *Temper* have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pretenſion, (except that of pleaſing by Poetry) to have been as much aſpers'd and written at, as any Firſt Miniſter of his time: Pamphlets and Newspapers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common converſation with his opinions of Religion or Government has been repreſented as a dangerous member of Society, a bigotted Papiſt, and an enemy to the Eſtabliſhment. The un-

4. In Vol. 3. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, &c. 5. Vol. 2. of the ſame, 8° pag. 20. and at the end of the Edition of his Letters in 12° by the Bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter; and of the laſt Edition in 12° printed by T. Cooper; 1725.

warrantable publication of his Letters hath at leaſt done him this ſervice, to ſhow he has conſtantly enjoy'd the friendſhip of worthy men; and that if a Catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either. Many of them having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, are a proof what were his real Sentiments, as they flow'd warm from the heart, and freſh from the occaſion; without the leaſt thought that ever the world ſhould be witneſs to them. Had he ſate down with a deſign to draw his own Picture, he could not have done it ſo truly; for whoever ſits for it (whether to himſelf or another) will inevitably find the features more compos'd, than his appear in theſe letters. But if an Author's hand, like a Painter's, be more diſtinguiſhable in a ſlight ſketch than in a finiſh'd picture, this very careleſsneſs will make them the better known from ſuch Counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either thro' a mercenary, or a malicious deſign.

We hope it is needleſs to ſay, he is not accountable for ſeveral paſſages in the ſurreptitious editions of thoſe letters, which are ſuch as no man of common ſenſe would have publiſh'd himſelf. The errors of the preſs were almoſt innumerable, and

could not but be extreamly multiply'd in ſo many repeated editions; by the Avarice and Negligence of pyratical Printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the leaſt Title, or any other encouragement than that of not proſecuting them.

For the *Chaſms* in the correſpondence, we had not the means to ſupply them, the Author having deſtroy'd too many letters to preſerve any Series. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omiſſion of ſome paſſages, improper, or at leaſt impertinent, to be divulg'd to the publick: or of ſuch entire letters, as were either not his, or not approv'd of by him.

He has been very ſparing of thoſe of his Friends, and thought it a reſpect ſhewn to their memory, to ſuppreſs in particular ſuch as were moſt in his favour. As it is not to *Vanity* but to *Friendſhip* that he intends this Monument, he would ſave his Enemies the mortification of ſhowing any farther how well their Betters have thought of him; and at the ſame time ſecure from their cenſure his living Friends, who (he promiſes them) ſhall never be put to the bluſh, this way at leaſt, for their partiality to him.

But however this Collection may be receiv'd, we cannot but lament the *Cauſe* and the *Neceſſity* of

ſuch a publication, and heartily wiſh no honeſt man may be reduc'd to the ſame. To ſtate the caſe fairly in the preſent ſituation. A Bookſeller adverti-ſes his intention to publiſh your Letters: He openly promiſes encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to thoſe who will help him to any; and ingages to inſert whatever they ſhall ſend: Any ſcandal is ſure of a reception, and any enemy who ſends it skreen'd from a diſcovery. Any domeſtick or ſervant, who can ſnatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practiſe. If the quantity falls ſhort of a volume, any thing elſe ſhall be join'd with it (more eſpecially ſcandal) which the collector can think for his intereſt, all recommended under your Name: You have not only Theft to fear, but Forgery. Any Bookſeller, tho' conſcious in what manner they were obtain'd, not caring what may be the conſequences to your Fame or Quiet, will ſell and diſperſe them in town and country. The better your Reputation is, the more your Name will cauſe them to be demanded, and conſequently the more you will be injur'd. The injury is of ſuch a nature, as the Law (which does not puniſh for *Intentions*) cannot prevent; and when done, may puniſh, but not redreſs. You are therefore reduc'd, either to enter into a

perſonal treaty with ſuch a man, (which tho' the readieſt, is the meaneſt of all methods) or to take ſuch other meaſures to ſuppreſs them, as are contrary to your Inclination, or to publiſh them, as are contrary to your Modeſty. Otherwiſe your Fame and your Property ſuffer alike; you are at once expos'd and plunder'd. As an *Author*, you are depriv'd of that Power which above all others conſtitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for your ſelf, what pieces it may be moſt uſeful, entertaining, or reputable to publiſh, at the time and in the manner you think beſt. As a *Man*, you are depriv'd of the right even over your own Sentiments, of the privilege of every humane creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your ſecond thoughts; and of all the benefit of your Prudence, your Candour, or your Modeſty. As a *Member of Society*, you are yet more injur'd; your private conduct, your domeſtick concerns, your family ſecrets, your paſſions, your tenderneſſes, your weakneſſes, are expos'd to the Miſconſtruction or Reſentment of ſome, to the Cenſure or Impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in ſuch a manner, is the worſt ſort of *betraying Converſation*, as it has evidently the moſt extenſive, and the moſt laſting ill conſequences. It

is the higheſt offence againſt *Society*, as it renders the moſt dear and intimate intercourſe of friend with friend, and the moſt neceſſary commerce of man with man, unſafe, and to be dreaded. To open Letters is eſteem'd the greateſt breach of honour; even to look into them already open'd or accidentally dropt, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral act. What then can be thought of the procuring them merely by Fraud, and the printing them merely for Lucre? We cannot but conclude every honeſt man will wiſh, that if the Laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at leaſt may be found, to prevent ſo great and growing an evil.

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OF

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*,

And Several of his FRIENDS.

LETTERS.



LETTERS

TO and FROM

Mr. WYCHERLEY, &c.

From the Year 1704 to 1711.

LETTER I.

Binfield in *Windſor Foreſt*, *Dec.* 26, 1704.*

I was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me, to ſee and converſe with a Man, whom in his writings I had long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you at our very firſt meeting do juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not ſo happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi:* had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and lov'd him: For I have been aſſured, not only by your ſelf, but by Mr. Con-

* The Author's Age then Sixteen.

greve and Sir William Trumbul, that his perſonal Qualities were as amiable as his Poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him.* I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun by the violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continued by Envy at his ſucceſs and fame: And thoſe Scriblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a ſummer's evening, which are never very troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious ſeaſon; for his fire like the ſun's, ſhined cleareſt towards it ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above thoſe Critics, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think my ſelf quite below their notice. For Critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and tho' ſuch poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is ſo beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of ſuch people would be either any Honour or Diſhonour even to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever leſſer Wits have riſen ſince his death, are but like ſtars appearing when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle only in his abſence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore ſcarce to be called ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defined a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or (in the midwives phraſe) a perfect conception, with an eaſy delivery. However, this is far from a compleat definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

* He ſince did ſo, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle, prefix'd to the Duodecimo Edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

LETTER II.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foreſee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before hand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my intereſt; as ſome people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another. ——

The more favourable you are to me, the more diſtinctly I ſee my faults. Spots and blemiſhes, you know, are never ſo plainly diſcovered as in the brighteſt ſunſhine. Thus I am mortified by thoſe commendations which were deſigned to encourage me: for Praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed, it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of youth, are like old trees that being paſt bearing themſelves, will ſuffer no young plants to flouriſh beneath them: but as if it were not enough to have out-done all your coævals in wit, you will excel them in good nature too. As for my * green eſſays, if you find any pleaſure in them, it muſt be ſuch as a man naturally takes in obſerving the firſt ſhoots and buddings of a tree which he has raiſed himſelf: and 'tis impoſſible they ſhould be eſteemed any otherwiſe, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheleſs are the moſt inſipid, and the worſt of the year. In a word, I muſt blame you for treating me with ſo much compliment, which is at beſt but the ſmoak of friendſhip. I neither write, nor converſe with you, to gain your praiſe, but your Affection. Be ſo much my friend as to appear my enemy, and tell me my faults, if not as a young Man, at leaſt as an unexperienc'd Writer. I am, &c.

* His Paſtorals, written at 16 Years of Age.

LETTER III.

April 30, 1705.

I Cannot contend with you: You muſt give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your deſign is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the reſt that paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warm an offer of your Friendſhip. Were I poſſeſſed of that, it would put an end to all thoſe ſpeeches which now make me bluſh; and change them to wholſome advices, and free ſentiments, which might make me wiſer and happier.

I know 'tis the general opinion, that friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt perſons of equal age; but I have ſo much intereſt to be of another mind, that you muſt pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in oppoſition to that opinion.

In the firſt place 'tis obſervable, that the love we bear to our friends is generally cauſed by our finding the ſame diſpoſitions in them, which we feel in our ſelves: This is but ſelf-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be ſo, the inclinations of ſuch being commonly various. The friendſhip of two young men is often occaſioned by love of pleaſure or voluptuouſneſs, each being deſirous for his own ſake, of one to aſſiſt or encourage him in the courſes he purſues; as that of two old men is frequently on the ſcore of ſome profit, lucre, or deſign upon others: Now, as a young man who is leſs acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability leſs of intereſt; and an old man, who may be weary of himſelf, leſs of ſelf-love; ſo the friendſhip between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much ſelf-regard. One may add to this, that ſuch a friendſhip may be of greater uſe and advantage to both; for the old man will grow more gay and agreeable to pleaſe the young one; and the young man more diſcreet and prudent by the help

of the old one: ſo it may prove a cure of thoſe epidemical diſeaſes of age and youth, ſourneſs and madneſs. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the poſſibility of this; one alone abundantly ſatisfies me, and convinces to the very heart; which is, that * young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

LETTER IV.

June 23, 1705.

I Should believe my ſelf happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in a ſtyle of compliment. It has been obſerved of women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched with vanity, than men, on account of their being more generally treated this way; but the weakeſt women are not more weak, than that claſs of men who are thought to pique themſelves upon their Wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke. Every man is apt to think his neighbour over-ſtock'd with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy, there are certain times when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs, to people in extream neceſſity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies: If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were. I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the task of commending

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about ſeventy years old, Mr. Pope under ſeventeen.

me: take but the other way, and I dare engage you will find none at all.

As for my verſes which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I receiv'd any letters from you. 'Tis certain the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe, I cannot fancy my ſelf ſo extremely like Alexander the great, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, 'tis you will make me ſo, by complimenting me into a better opinion of my ſelf than I deſerve: They made him think he was the ſon of Jupiter, and you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? you ſaid ten times as much before, when you call'd me your friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſs'd a ſhare in your affection, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings, is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panca: they perſuaded him that he enjoy'd a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days, the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably be-mus'd, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure your ſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed for the moſt part is all that is fed in a Poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true apply'd to me, as it would be if apply'd to your ſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much, as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more, than is conſiſtent with the ſmall tho' utmoſt capacity of &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I Have now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-houſe to Windſor forreſt. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits and the downright country fools, that the firſt are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flouriſh and gayety, and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a ſtupid, ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dulneſs, which the Wits muſt do at laſt, tho' after a great deal of noiſe, and reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt, inoffenſive people, who neither have ſenſe nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial ſort of dulneſs: They are commonly known in the world by the name of honeſt, civil gentlemen: They live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and hazard ſomething not worth the catching, never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer ſolitude to the company of all theſe; for tho' a man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the company of a perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to, and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant. As a man in love with a miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers; ſo a man in love with himſelf, (as moſt men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful knowledge be the knowledge of our ſelves, ſolitude conducing moſt to make us look into our ſelves, ſhould be the moſt inſtructive ſtate of life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than men, who for the ſake of the circumſtantial part and meer outſide of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be ſent into ſolitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People are uſually

ſpoiled inſtead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas by being more converſant with Obſcurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, ſolitude is his beſt ſchool; and if he be a fool, it is his beſt ſanctuary.

Theſe are good reaſons for my own ſtay here, but I wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I can't help ſaying I have ſuffered a great deal of diſcontent that you do not come, tho' I ſo little merit that you ſhould.

I muſt complain of the ſhortneſs of your laſt. Thoſe who have moſt wit, like thoſe who have moſt money, are generally moſt ſparing of either.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I Have receiv'd your kind Letter, with my paper * to Mr. Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it leſs, as the Dutch are ſaid to burn half the ſpices they bring home to inhance the price of the remainder, ſo to be greater gainers by their loſs, (which is indeed my caſe now.) You have prun'd my fading lawrels of ſome ſuperfluous, ſapleſs, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus like your Maſter Apollo, are at once a poet and a phyſician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the town, your good nature was the firſt cauſe of my confident requeſt; but excuſe me, I muſt (I ſee) ſay no more upon this ſubject, ſince I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; tho' you have

* The ſame which was printed in the Year 1717, in a Miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the Poſthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley, 1728.

given me ſome encouragement to hope, our friendſhip might be without ſhyneſs, or criminal modeſty; for a friend like a miſtreſs, tho' he is not to be mercenary to be true, yet ought not to refuſe a friend's kindneſs becauſe it is ſmall or trivial. I have told you (I think) what a Spaniſh lady ſaid to her poor, poetical gallant, that a Queen, if ſhe had to do with a groom, would expect a mark of his kindneſs from him, tho' it were but his curry-comb. But you and I will diſpute this matter when I am ſo happy as to ſee you here; and perhaps 'tis the only diſpute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuſe for my boldneſs in inviting you to town, I deſign'd to leave with you ſome more of my Papers, (ſince theſe return ſo much better out of your hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly) to ſpend a month or ſix weeks this ſummer near you in the country. You may be aſſured there is nothing I deſire ſo much, as an improvement of your friendſhip.

LETTER VII.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the laſt month, you deſire me to ſelect, if poſſible, ſome things from the * firſt volume of your Miſcellanies, which may be alter'd ſo as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the beſt of thoſe verſes, (as thoſe on the Idleneſs of buſineſs, on Ignorance, on Lazineſs, &c.) to make the Method and Numbers exact, and avoid Repetitions? For tho' (upon reading 'em on this occaſion) I believe they might receive ſuch an alteration with advantage; yet they would not be chang'd ſo much, but any one would know 'em for the ſame at firſt ſight. Or if you mean to improve

* Printed in folio, in the Year 1704.

the worſt pieces? which are ſuch, as to render them very good, would require great addition, and almoſt the entire new writing of them. Or, laſtly, if you mean the middle ſort, as the Songs and Love-verſes? For theſe will need only to be ſhortened, to omit Repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loſs. Yet I have try'd what I could do to ſome of the ſongs, and the poems on Lazineſs and Ignorance, but can't (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpoſe. So that I muſt needs deſire you would apply your care wholly at preſent to thoſe which are yet unpubliſhed, of which there are more than enough to make a conſiderable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in vol. I. which I could wiſh you would defer, at leaſt 'till you have finiſh'd theſe that are yet unprinted.

I ſend you a ſample of ſome few of theſe; namely, the verſes to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: ſome I have contracted, as we do ſun-beams, to improve their energy and force; ſome I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expreſs'd, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his ſucceſſors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verſification: for the great dealers in wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods; while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit, ſpare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commiſſion'd me to paint your ſhop, and I have done my beſt to bruſh you up like your neighbours. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child ſhe helps into the light. The few things I have entirely added you will excuſe; you may take them lawfully for your own, becauſe they are no more than ſparks lighted up by your fire; and you may omit them at laſt, if you think them but ſquibs in your triumphs. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconſiderable ſervice I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has ſo mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles: which upon my faith I ſhall equally take amiſs, whether made to my ſelf, or to any other. For God's ſake, (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I deſire no ſort of favour ſo much, as that of ſerving you more conſiderably than I have been yet able to do.

I ſhall proceed in this manner with ſome others of your pieces; but ſince you deſire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions; I muſt, as ſoon as I've mark'd theſe, tranſcribe what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can deviſe, for their improvement. For you are ſenſible, the omiſſion of Repetitions is but one, and the eaſieſt part, of yours and my deſign; there remaining beſides to rectify the Method, to connect the Matter, and to mend the Expreſſion and Verſification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Publick and on the mixt Life, the bill of Fare, the praiſes of Avarice, and ſome others.

I muſt take notice of what you ſay, of my pains to make your dulneſs methodical; and of your hint, that the ſprightlineſs of wit deſpiſes method. This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, conſider'd as propriety, ſurely Method is not only neceſſary for perſpicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts; which receive an additional advantage from thoſe which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a ſimile Mr. Dryden us'd in converſation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only

chuſe for the beauty of their colours, but place them in ſuch a manner as to reflect a luſtre on each other. I will not diſguiſe any of my ſentiments from you: to methodiſe in your caſe, is full as neceſſary as to ſtrike out; otherwiſe you had better deſtroy the whole frame, and reduce them into ſingle thoughts in proſe, like Rochfoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I Have had yours of the 23d of this inſtant, for which I give you many thanks, ſince I find by it, that even abſence (the uſual bane of love, or friendſhip) cannot leſſen yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad and ſorry for the report: in the firſt place, glad that it was not true; and in the next, ſorry that it ſhou'd give you any diſturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think my ſelf moſt eternally oblig'd to you; aſſuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your ſake I love this life ſo well, that I ſhall the leſs think of the other; but 'tis in your power to enſure my happineſs in one and the other, both by your ſociety and good example, and not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your excuſe for the plainneſs of your ſtile, I muſt needs tell you, that friendſhip is much more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is generally falſe reaſoning; and a friend's reprimand often ſhews more friendſhip than his compliment: nay love, which is more than friendſhip, is often ſeen by our friend's correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this teſt of your friendſhip I intend to put you when I return to London, and thence

to you at Binfield, which I hope will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am pleas'd with the good news of your going to print ſome of your Poems, and proud to be known by them to the publick for your friend; who intend (perhaps the ſame way) to be reveng'd of you for your kindneſs, by taking your name in vain in ſome of my future madrigals: yet ſo as to let the world know, my love or eſteem for you are no more poetick than my talent in ſcribbling. But of all the arts of fiction, I deſire you to believe I want that of feigning friendſhip, and that I am ſincerely Your, &c.

LETTER X.

May 20, 1709.

I Am glad you receiv'd the * Miſcellany, if it were only to ſhow you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your ſervant. This modern cuſtom of appearing in miſcellanies, is very uſeful to the poets, who like other thieves, eſcape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like Banditti, ſafe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good deſcription of theſe kind of collections; *Nullus hodie mortalium aut naſcitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut ruſticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut eſt, aut non eſt, (nam etiam mortuis iſti canunt) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicædia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Paræneticа, Nœnias, Nugas.* As to the ſucceſs which you ſay my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleas'd to ſay of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, ſince whatever is ſaid in my favour muſt be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My paſtoral muſe, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance by

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth Vol. of Miſcellany Poems.

what you courtiers ſay to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young ſcribbler's Vanity needs no recruits from abroad: for Nature like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to ſupply her ſons with as much of their own, as is neceſſary for their ſatisfaction. If my verſes ſhould meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me that a young author has not too much reaſon to be pleas'd with them, when he conſiders that the natural conſequence of praiſe is envy and calumny.

--- Si ultra placitum laudarit, Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne Vati noceat mala lingua futuro:

When once a man has appear'd as a poet, he may give up his pretenſions to all the rich and thriving arts: thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe miſtreſſes without portions, the Muſes, are never like to ſet up for Fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall be ſatisfy'd if I can loſe my time agreeably this way, without loſing my reputation: as for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falſtaffe was, and may ſay of fame as he did of honour, "If it comes, it comes unlook'd for; and there's an end "on't." I can be content with a bare ſaving game, without being thought an eminent hand, with which title Jacob has graciouſly dignify'd his adventurers and voluntiers in poetry. Jacob creates poets, as Kings ſometimes do knights, not for their honour but for their mony: Certainly he ought to be eſteem'd a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What Authors loſe, their Bookſellers have won,
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

LET-

LETTER XI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I receiv'd from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true friend, and a true chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example. --- As for your wiſhing to ſee your friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be ſaid to leave the world, ſince I ſhall enjoy in your converſation all that I can deſire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great, or little vulgar in it.

As to the ſucceſs of your poems in the late miſcellany, which I told you of in my laſt; upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be aſſur'd that all ſort of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them, (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleas'd with 'em: ſo that you do not come off with a bare Saving Game (as you call it) but have gain'd ſo much credit at firſt, that you muſt needs ſupport it to the laſt: ſince you ſet up with ſo great a ſtock of good ſenſe, judgment, and wit, that your judgment enſures all that your wit ventures at. The ſalt of your wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's Ladder raiſe you to immortality, by which others are turn'd off ſhamefully to their damnation, for poetick thieves as they are; who think to be ſav'd by others good works, how faulty ſoever their own are. But the coffee-houſe wits, or rather anti wits, the criticks, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own, you have more invention than they; nay, the detracters, or the envious, who never ſpeak well of any body, (not even of thoſe they think well of in their abſence) yet will give you (even in your abſence) their good word; and the Critics only hate you, for

being forc'd to ſpeak well of you whether they will or no; and all this is true, upon the word of Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

I HAVE had yours of the 30th of the laſt month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhould be, ſince it tells me you could be better pleaſed to be ſick again in town in my company, than to be well in the country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of happineſs than of health. Yet, my dear friend, ſet raillery or compliment aſide, I can bear your abſence (which procures your health and eaſe) better than I can your company when you are in pain; for I cannot ſee you ſo, without being ſo too. Your love to the country I do not doubt, nor do you, (I hope) my love to it or you, ſince there I can enjoy your company without ſeeing you in pain to give me ſatisfaction and pleaſure; there I can have you without rivals or diſturbers; without the noiſe of the loud, or the cenſure of the ſilent; and would rather have you abuſe me there with the truth, than at this diſtance with your compliment: ſince now your buſineſs of a friend and kindneſs to a friend, is by finding fault with his faults, and mending them by your obliging ſeverity. I hope (in point of your good nature) you will have no cruel charity for thoſe papers of mine you were ſo willing to be troubled with; which I take moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſhall acknowledge with gratitude, as long as I live. No friend can do more for his friend than preſerving his reputation (nay not by preſerving his life) ſince by preſerving his life he can only make him live about threeſcore or fourſcore years; but by preſerving his reputation, he can make him live as long as the world laſts; ſo ſave him from damning, when he is gone to

the devil: therefore I pray condemn me in private, as the thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to ſave them from condemnation by the publick. Be moſt kindly unmerciful to my poetical faults, and do with my papers, as you country-gentlemen do with your trees, flaſh, cut, and lop off the excreſcencies and dead parts of my wither'd bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and encreaſe the value of them, by diminiſhing the number. I have troubled you with my papers, rather to give you pain than pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, which ſays, you take the trouble kindly: Such is your generoſity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them to do them a kindneſs; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my letters, out of intereſt if not kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me, ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee intereſt in my kindneſs, which is like the friendſhip of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours as a true Plain-dealer.

LETTER XIII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your letter, of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another of that bundle you have in your hands; amongſt which (you ſay) you find numerous repetitions, of the ſame thoughts and ſubjects; all which I muſt confeſs my want of memory has prevented me from imagining; as well as made me capable of

committing them; ſince, of all figures, that of tautology is the laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive my ſelf for: But ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome pains to examine and compare thoſe papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies or books, of my Miſcellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give your ſelf more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleaſure you have and may give the world, in writing upon new ſubjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain your ſelf and others. Now as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers; all that I deſire of you is to mark in the margin (without defacing the copy at all) any repetition of words, matter, or ſenſe: which if you will be ſo kind to do for me, you will ſupply my want of memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of ſenſe with the infallibility of yours; in which you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt repent the trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much. Now as to what you call freedom with me (which you deſire me to forgive) you may be aſſur'd I would not forgive you unleſs you did uſe it; for I am ſo far from thinking your plainneſs a fault, or an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation; which I ſhall always acknowledge, with all ſort of gratitude to you for it, who am therefore (dear Mr. Pope) Your, &c.

All the news I have to ſend you, is, that poor Mr. Betterton is going to make his Exit from the ſtage of this world, the gout being gotten up into his head, and (as the Phyſicians ſay) will certainly carry him off ſuddenly.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

The Answer.

May 2, 1710.

I AM ſorry you perſiſt to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I miſtake not) your exception not unmix'd with ſome ſuſpicion. Be certain I ſhall moſt carefully obſerve your requeſt, not to croſs over, or deface, the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the Repetitions. But as this can ſerve no further than to get rid of thoſe repetitions, and no way rectify the Method, nor connect the Matter, nor improve the Poetry in Expreſſion or Numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; ſo it really is my opinion and deſire, that you ſhould take your papers out of my hands into your own; and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are preſent; when you may be ſatisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you ſhall give your own ſanction and aſſent to, at the ſame time.

Do not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task: on the contrary, you know, I have been at the pains of tranſcribing ſome pieces, at once to comply with your deſire of not defacing the copy, and yet to loſe no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the ſame way if you pleaſe; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my ſincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as ſingle Maxims and Reflexions, in Proſe, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in Verſe*: and this, when

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December 1715, but little progreſs was made in this deſign, through his old age, and the increaſe of his infirmities. However, ſome of the verſes which had been touch'd by Mr. P. with 308 of theſe Maxims in Proſe, were found among his Papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were publiſh'd in 1728, in Octavo, under the Title of The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Eſq;

nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an eafy task for yourfelf to proceed upon, notwithftanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO and FROM

* Mr. WALSH.

LETTER XV.

Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I Receiv'd the favour of your letter, and ſhall be very glad of the continuance of a correſpondence by which I am like to be ſo great a gainer. I hope when I have the happineſs of ſeeing you again in London, not only to read over the Verſes I have now of yours, but more that you have written ſince; for I make no doubt, but any one who writes ſo well, muſt write more: Not that I think the moſt voluminous Poets always the beſt, I believe the contrary is rather true. I mention'd ſomewhat to you in London of a Paſtoral Comedy, which I ſhould be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince. I find Menage, in his obſervations upon Taſſo's Aminta, reckons up fourſcore Paſtoral-Plays in Italian: And in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many Paſtorals and Piſcatory Plays, which I ſuppoſe Menage reckons together. I find alſo by Menage, that Taſſo is not the firſt

* Of Abberley in Worceſterſhire, Gentleman of the Horſe in Queen Ann's Reign, Author of ſeveral beautiful pieces in Proſe and Verſe, and in the Opinion of Mr. Dryden (in his Poſtſcript to Virgil) the beſt Critic of our Nation in his time.

that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him, which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Paſtor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli, are the three beſt, ſo I think there is no diſpute but Aminta is the beſt of the three: Not but that the diſcourſes in Paſtor Fido are more entertaining and copious in ſeveral peoples opinion, tho' not ſo proper for Paſtoral; and the Fable of Bonarelli more ſurprizing. I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with ſucceſs. Racan's Bergeries are much inferior to his Lyric Poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the deſign of Paſtoral Plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am ſure there is nothing of this kind in Engliſh worth mentioning, and therefore you have that field open to yourſelf. You ſee I write to you without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore pray uſe the ſame freedom with me, who am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. WALSH.

July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the firſt opportunity of making you my Acknowledgments for reviewing thoſe Papers of mine. You have no leſs right to correct me, than the ſame hand that rais'd a tree has to prune it. I am convinc'd, as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in Poetry, as in Painting, a man may lay colours one upon another, till they ſtiffen and deaden the piece. Beſides, to beſtow heightning on every part is monſtrous: ſome parts ought to be lower than the reſt, and nothing looks more ridiculous, than a work where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, ſeem all on a level: 'Tis like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, graſs, and flowers are all laid even, and appear undiſtinguiſh'd. I believe too, that ſometimes

our first thoughts are the best, as the first squeezing of the grapes makes the finest and richest wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a Pastoral Comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call Wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it wou'd improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity which is far above all the quaintness of wit: insomuch that the Critics have excluded it from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charm'd with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too. If surprizing Discoveries shou'd have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it wou'd be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by meer accident; unless it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne, and even that is the most simple in the world: The contrary is observable in Pastor Fido, where Corisca is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot cou'd not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclin'd to think the Pastoral Comedy has another disadvantage, as to the Manners: Its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries.--- These thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them: but I hope your judgment will set me right.

I wou'd beg your opinion too as to another point: It is how far the liberty of *borrowing* may extend? I have defended it

ſometimes by ſaying, that it ſeems not ſo much the perfection of ſenſe to ſay things that have never been ſaid before, as to expreſs thoſe beſt that have been ſaid oftenеſt; and that writers in the caſe of borrowing from others, are like trees which of themſelves would produce only one ſort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flouriſh; but then poets, like merchants, ſhould repay with ſomething of their own what they take from others; not like pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I deſire you to tell me ſincerely, if I have not ſtretch'd this licence too far in theſe paſtorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have ſeen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however you have not taken away all my vanity, ſo long as you give me leave to profeſs my ſelf Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. WALSH.

July 20, 1706.

I Had ſooner return'd you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the ſame time of my journey to Windſor; but I am now forc'd to put that quite off, being engag'd to go to my corporation of Richmond in Yorkſhire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your notions of Paſtoral, but I am of opinion that the redundancy of wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleaſes the common people, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt judges. Paſtor Fido indeed has had more admirers than Aminta; but I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. Coriſca, which is a character generally admir'd by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a paſtoral; and Bonarelli's fancy of making his ſhepherdeſs in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you ask

of the liberty of borrowing, 'tis very evident the best Latin Poets have extended this very far; and none so far as Virgil, who is the best of them. As for the Greek Poets, if we cannot trace them so plainly, 'tis perhaps because we have none before them; 'tis evident that most of them borrow'd from Homer, and Homer has been accus'd of burning those that wrote before him, that his thefts might not be discover'd. The best of the modern poets in all languages, are those that have the nearest copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common subjects of poetry, the thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural) that whoever writes last, must write things like what have been said before: But they may as well applaud the Ancients for the arts of eating and drinking, and accuse the Moderns of having stol'n those inventions from them; it being evident in all such cases, that whoever live first, must first find them out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

--- *unus & alter Assuitur pannus,*

when there are one or two bright thoughts stol'n, and all the rest is quite different from it, a poem makes a very foolish figure: but when 'tis all melted down together, and the Gold of the Ancients so mix'd with that of the Moderns that none can distinguish the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have shewn your verses to some who have made that objection to them. I have so much company round me while I write this, and such a noise in my ears, that 'tis impossible I should write any thing but nonsense, so must break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

Your, &c.

I LET-

LETTER XVIII.

From Mr. WALSH.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I receiv'd the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again with a great deal of pleaſure, and to judge the better, read Virgil's Eclogues and Spenſer's Calendar, at the ſame time; and I aſſure you I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; tho' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great Criticks by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and genius of an author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe that would hardly allow any one good Ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals: but generally they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themſelves, we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon their fingers; run after Conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all made up of couplets, of which the firſt may be laſt or the laſt firſt, without any ſort of prejudice to their works; in which there is no deſign, or method, or any thing natural or juſt. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatſoever (not poetry only) Nature is to be follow'd; and we ſhou'd be jealous of our ſelves for being fond of Similies, conceits, and what they call ſaying fine things. When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton ſhew'd me a letter he had receiv'd from a certain great General in Spain; I told him I wou'd by all means have that General recall'd, and ſet to writing here at home, for it was im-

possible that a man with so much Wit as he shew'd, cou'd be fit to command an army, or do any other business. * As for what you say of Expression, 'tis indeed the same thing to Wit, as Dress is to Beauty: I have seen many women over-drest, and several look better in a careless night-gown with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiselle S——— drest for a ball. I do not design to be in London till towards the parliament: then I shall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finish'd your Pastorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third of Autumn which I have not yet seen. Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady, if they were not written for some particular Woman whom you would make immortal: You may take occasion to shew the difference between Poets Mistresses, and other men's. I only hint this, which you may either do or let alone just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleas'd to see you again in town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am with very much esteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To W. WALSH, Esq;

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFter the thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of English Versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which tho' not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

* Mr. Walsh's Remark will be thought very innocent, when the Reader is inform'd that it was made on the Earl of Peterborow, just before the glorious Campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds as well as Words to the things he treats of, ſo that there is (if one may expreſs it ſo) a Style of Sound: as in deſcribing a gliding ſtream the numbers ſhould run eaſy and flowing, in deſcribing a rough torrent or deluge ſonorous and ſwelling, and ſo of the reſt. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where elſe that I know of, to any obſervable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from Vida.

Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras.
Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle ſine ictu, Conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape ſaxa manu, cape robora Paſtor.
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite peſtem.

This, I think, is what very few obſerve in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader. We have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cæcilia's day, entitled, Alexander's Feaſt.

2. Every nice ear muſt (I believe) have obſerv'd, that in any ſmooth Engliſh verſe of ten ſyllables, there is naturally a Pauſe at the fourth, fifth, or ſixth ſyllable. It is upon theſe the ear reſts, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of verſification. For example,

At the fifth, *Where-e'er thy navy* || *ſpreads her canvaſs wings,*
At the fourth, *Homage to thee* || *and peace to all ſhe brings.*
At the ſixth, *Like tracts of leverets* || *in morning ſnow.*

Now I fancy, that to preſerve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauſe at the 4th or 6th ſhou'd not be continu'd above three

lines together, without the interpoſition of another; elſe it will be apt to weary the ear with one continu'd tone, at leaſt it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite ſo dead a weight, therefore tires not ſo much, tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether words or ſyllables, which are made uſe of purely to ſupply a vacancy: Do before verbs plural is abſolutely ſuch; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode Did and Does in the ſame manner, which are almoſt always uſed for the ſake of rhyme. The ſame cauſe has occaſioned the promiſcuous uſe of You and Thou to the ſame perſon, which can never ſound ſo graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would alſo object to the irruption of Alexandrine verſes, of twelve ſyllables, which I think ſhould never be allow'd but when ſome remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of theſe, eſpecially in his latter works. I am of the ſame opinion as to Triple Rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the Repetition of the ſame Rhimes within four or ſix lines of each other, as tireſome to the ear thro' their Monotony.

6. Monoſyllable-lines, unleſs very artfully managed, are ſtiff, or languiſhing: but may be beautiful to expreſs Melancholy, Slowneſs, or Labour.

7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap between two words, which is caus'd by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you deſire me to be particular) I think the rule in this caſe is either to uſe the Cæſura, or admit the Hiatus, juſt as the ear is leaſt ſhock'd by either: For the Cæſura ſometimes offends the ear more than the Hiatus itſelf, and our language is naturally over-charg'd with conſonants: As for example, if in this verſe,

The old have Int'reſt ever in their eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the Hiatus,

But th' old have Int'reſt ——

The Hiatus which has the worſt effect is when one word ends with the ſame vowel that begins the following; and next to this, thoſe vowels whoſe ſounds come neareſt to each other are moſt to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. I know ſome people will think theſe obſervations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by ſome great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are theſe words. *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc eſt,* "*Baccæ æneæ amæniſſimæ impendebant,*" And Quintilian, l. 9. cap. 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum accidit, hiat & interſiſtit, & quaſi laborat oratio: peſſimi longe quæ eaſdem inter ſe literas committunt, ſonabunt: præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patula ore efferuntur; E plenior litera eſt, I anguſtior.* But he goes on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand of being too ſollicitous in this matter, and ſays admirably, *Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pejor.* So likewiſe *Tully (Orator ad Brut.) Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etſi idem magiſter ejus Iſocrates:* which laſt author, as Turnebus on Quintilian obſerves, has hardly one Hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us that Tully and Demoſthenes did not much obſerve this nicety, tho' Tully himſelf ſays in his Orator, *Crebra iſta vocum concurſio, quam magna ex parte vitioſam fugit Demoſthenes.* If I am not miſtaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the moſt ſcrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his obſervations upon him ſays, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the Hiatus ſhould be avoided with more care in Poetry than in Oratory; and I would conſtantly try to prevent it, unleſs where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the ſound than the Hiatus itſelf. I am, &c.

Mr. Walſh died at 49 years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Eſſay on Criticiſm was printed, which concludes with his Elogy.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO and FROM

Mr. CROMWELL.

LETTER XX.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I HAVE been ſo well ſatisfy'd with the country, ever ſince I ſaw you, that I have not ſo much as once thought of the town, or enquir'd of any one in it beſides Mr. Wycherley and yourſelf: And from him I underſtand of your journey this ſummer into Leiceſterſhire; from whence I gueſs you are return'd by this time, to your old buſineſs of comparing Critics, and reconciling Commentators; and to your old diverſions, of a loſing game at Picquet with the ladies, and half a play or a quarter of a play at the Theatre; where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous Spectators; and for the infirmity of one * ſenſe, which there for the moſt part could only ſerve to diſguſt you, enjoy the vigour of another which raviſhes you. So you have the advantage of being entertain'd with all the beauty of the Boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulneſs of the Stage. You are ſo good a Critic, that 'tis the greateſt happineſs of the modern Poets that you do not hear their works; and next, that you are not ſo arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the reſt) without

* His Hearing.

hearing. But now I talk of thoſe critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myſelf, for which I expect you ſhou'd congratulate with me: It is that beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been moſt mercifully repriev'd by the ſovereign power of Jacob Tonſon, from being brought forth to publick puniſhment; and reſpited from time to time from the hands of thoſe barbarous Executioners of the Muſes, whom I was juſt now ſpeaking of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themſelves into the hands of juſtice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their diſadvantage; and not out of any Ambition to ſpread their fame by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That Poet were a happy man who could but obtain a Grant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe names very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonſon's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miſcellanies.

So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleaſure you could deſire from the Country, and your own thoughts the beſt company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our Foreſt; he continu'd (as you told me long ſince he wou'd) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſpite of friendſhip and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all thoſe qualities I know you poſſeſs'd of, I ſhall add that of Prophecy. But I ſtill believe Mr. Wycherley's Intentions were good, and am ſatisfy'd that he promiſes nothing but with a real deſign to perform it: how much ſoever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his ſincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmoſt that I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had ſent you the inclos'd * Papers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them my ſelf, and afterwards cou'd find no opportunity of ſending them without ſuſpicion of their miſcarrying; not that they are of the leaſt value, but for fear ſome body might be fooliſh enough to imagine them ſo, and inquiſitive enough to diſcover thoſe faults which (I by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the Accuracy, but to the Fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have not had time of late to compare with its original. I deſire you to be the more ſevere, as it is much more criminal for me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, than to do it in my own proper perſon. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you that this is not an entire verſion of the firſt book. There is an omiſſion from the 168th line — *Jam murmura ſerpunt Plebis Agenoreæ* — to the 312th *Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris* between theſe † two, Statius introduces a deſcription of the Council of the Gods, and a ſpeech of Jupiter, which have a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence of this Machine appears not till the ſecond book. The tranſlation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a Battle at fiſty-cuffs between two Princes on a very ſlight occaſion, and at a time when one wou'd think the fatigue of their journey in ſo tempeſtuous a night, might have render'd them very unfit for ſuch a ſcuffle. This I had actually tranſlated, but was very ill ſatisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an Author

* This was a Tranſlation of the firſt Book of Statius, done when the Author was but 14 years old.

† Theſe he tranſlated ſoon after, and they are extant in the printed Verſion.

cannot but be partial enough of conſcience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words -- *Hic primum luſtrare oculis*, &c. -- to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the diſcreeteſt Poets, tho' he was the beſt Verſifier next Virgil. In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry, (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his Muſe where to begin his Thebaid, and ſeems to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Ledæo?* When he comes to the Scene of his poem, and the Prize in diſpute between the Brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it --- *Pugna eſt de paupere regno.* --- Very different from the conduct of his Maſter Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the Greatneſs of its ſubject, -- *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.* [Boſſu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of the Brothers, he ſays, "The whole world wou'd be too ſmall a prize to repay ſo much "Impiety.

--- Quid ſi preteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque Poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, aut portu vergens proſpectat Ibero?

This was pretty well one wou'd think already, but he goes on,

Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſydere tangit
Avius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what cou'd a poet think of but Heaven itſelf for the Prize? But what follows is aſtoniſhing.

-- Quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with ſo great a Fall in any ancient author whatſoever. I ſhould not have inſiſted ſo much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you wou'd take the ſame freedom with, and revenge it upon, his Tranſlator. I ſhall be extreamly glad if the reading this can be any amuſement to you, the rather becauſe I had the diſſatisfaction to hear you have been confin'd to your chamber by an illneſs; which I fear was as troubleſome a companion to you as I have ſometimes been in the ſame place: where if ever you found any pleaſure in my company, it muſt ſurely have been that which moſt men take in obſerving the faults and follies of another; a pleaſure which you ſee I take care to give you even in my abſence.

If you will oblige me at your leiſure with the confirmation of your Recovery under your own hand, it will be extreamly grateful to me, for next to the pleaſure of ſeeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular, I am beyond all acknowledgments oblig'd to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for ſpeaking of Mr. Wycherley, whoſe example as I am proud of following in all things, ſo in nothing more than in profeſſing myſelf like him,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

May 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I defer'd it till I could ſend you either the * Miſcellany, or my continuation of the Verſion of Statius. The firſt I imagin'd you might have had before now, but ſince the contrary has happen'd you may draw this moral from it, that Authors in general are more ready to write nonſenſe, than Book-

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth Volume of Poetical Miſcellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Paſtorals, and ſome Verſions of Homer and Chaucer were firſt printed.

ſellers are to publiſh it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of Rhime upon me for three days together, in which time all the verſes you ſee added, have been written; which I tell you that you may more freely be ſevere upon them. 'Tis a mercy I do not aſſault you with a number of original ſonnets and epigrams, which our modern Bards put forth in the Spring-time, in as great abundance as Trees do bloſſoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and pleaſe no longer than juſt in their birth. They make no leſs haſte to bring their flowers of wit to the preſs, than Gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they can't get off their hands in the morning, are ſure to die before night. Thus the ſame reaſon that furniſhes Covent-garden with thoſe Noſegays you ſo delight in, ſupplies the Muſes Mercury, and Britiſh Apollo (not to ſay Jacob's Miſcellanies) with verſes. And it is the happineſs of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence a-piece, has brought the Noſegays of Parnaſſus to bear the ſame price; whereby the public-ſpirited Mr. Henry Hills of Black-fryars has been the cauſe of great eaſe and ſingular comfort to all the learned, who never abounding in tranſitory coin, ſhou'd not be diſcontented (methinks) even tho' poems were diſtributed gratis about the ſtreets, like Bunyan's Sermons, and other pious treatiſes uſually publiſhed in a like volume and character.

I wiſh you all the pleaſures which the Seaſon can afford; the beſt company, the beſt coffee, and the beſt news you can deſire. And what more to wiſh you than this, I do not know; unleſs it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verſes I ſend you; and I promiſe you in return a great deal of deference to your judgement, and an extraordinary obedience to your ſentiments for the future, (to which you know I have been ſometimes a little refractory.) If you will pleaſe to begin where you left off laſt, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately before, (which you will find corrected to your ſenſe ſince your laſt peruſal) you will extreamly oblige me, and improve my tranſlation. Beſides thoſe places which may deviate

from the Senſe of the Author, it wou'd be very kind in you to obſerve any deficiencies in the Diction or Numbers. The Hiatus in particular I wou'd avoid as much as poſſible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a profeſſed enemy; tho' I confeſs I could not think it poſſible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is ſcarce any throughout his poems. I thought your obſervation true enough to be paſſed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduced to practice: But this example of one of the moſt correct and beſt of their poets has undeceiv'd me, and confirms your opinion very ſtrongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who tho' he made it a rule, ſeldom obſerv'd it. Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

June 10, 1709.

I Have receiv'd part of the Verſion of Statius, and return you my thanks for your Remarks; which I think to be juſt, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry,) *Pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have ſome fears, you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt, revolving years ſhall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact ſenſe of the words -- * *Cætera reliquo ordine ducam.* But the duration of the Action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted againſt, as many things beſide in him, (which I wonder Boſſu has not ob-

* See the firſt Book of Statius, Verſe 302.

ſerved.) For inſtead of confining his Narration to one year, it is manifeſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books. The Narration begins with Oedipus's Prayer to the Fury to promote diſcord betwixt his Sons; afterwards the poet expreſsly deſcribes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his Brother's refuſal to reſign the Throne. All this is in the firſt book; in the next, Tydæus is ſent Ambaſſador to Etheocles, and demands his reſignation in theſe terms,

— Aſtriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torſit, & amiſſæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida, triſtes
Exul agit caſus —

But Boſſu himſelf is miſtaken in one particular, relating to the Commencement of the Action; ſaying in book 2. cap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's Rape, whereas the Poet at moſt deliberates whether he ſhould or not?

——— Unde jubetis
Ire Deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expreſsly paſſes all this with a *longa retro ſeries* —— and ſays

——— Limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodæ confuſa domus ———

Indeed there are numberleſs particulars blameworthy in our Author, which I have try'd to ſoften in the verſion.

——— Dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmus,

is moſt extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of Tautology than

——— *Vacua cum ſolus in aula*
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par ſtare caput.

In the journey of Polynices is ſome geographical error,

—— *In mediis audit duo litora campis*

could hardly be; for the Iſthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: and *Caligantes abrupto ſole Mycænas*, is not conſiſtent with what he tells us, in Lib. 4. lin. 305: "That thoſe of Mycænæ "came not to the war at this time, becauſe they were then in con- "fuſion by the diviſions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyeſtes: Now from the raiſing the Greek Army againſt Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years. Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Auguſt 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters wou'd be as bad as a rent-charge; but tho' the one be but too little for your good-nature, the other wou'd be too much for your quiet, which is one bleſſing good-nature ſhou'd indiſpenſably receive from mankind, in return for thoſe many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours in ſpeaking well of me in my abſence; the only thing by which you prove your ſelf no Wit or Critic: Tho' indeed I have often thought, that a friend will ſhow juſt as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am

abſent, as he does ſeverity to 'em when I am preſent. To be frank with you, Sir, I muſt own, that where I receiv'd ſo much civility at firſt, I could hardly have expected ſo much ſincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wiſh, that the laſt were but equal to the firſt, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, ſo you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you have left your ſpeculative angle in the Widow's coffee-houſe, and bidding adieu for ſome time to all the Rehearſals, Reviews, Gazettes, &c. have march'd off into Lincolnſhire. Thus I find you vary your life in the ſcene at leaſt, tho' not in the action; for tho' life, for the moſt part, like an old play, be ſtill the ſame, yet now and then a new ſcene may make it more entertaining. As for myſelf, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be a tolerable farce, and a fig for the critical Unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither Tragedy, Comedy, nor Farce, nor one, nor all of theſe: Every Actor is much better known by his having the ſame face, than by keeping the ſame character: We change our minds as often as they do their parts, and he who was yeſterday Cæſar, is to day Sir John Daw. So that one might ask the ſame queſtion of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play; "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; "Is this your Tragedy or your Comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe I perſwade my ſelf it might be uſeful, at a time when we have no other Theatre, to divert our ſelves at this great one. What a glorious ſtanding Comedy of fools! at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himſelf an unconcern'd ſpectator, and which (to our ſingular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen her ſelf can ever ſhut up, or ſilence.

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

October. 19, 1709.

I May truly ſay I am more oblig'd to you this Summer than to any of my acquaintance. The only companions I had were thoſe Muſes, of whom Tully ſays, *Adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur :* which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muſes, if you take them as companions, are very pleaſant and agreeable; but whoever ſhould be forc'd to live or depend upon 'em, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. That Quiet, which Cowley calls the Companion of Obſcurity, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our friend's welfare. 'Tis extreamly kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinc'd by his long ſilence. However the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of Virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am ſurpriz'd at the danger you tell me he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our Nation would have loſt in him alone, as much wit, and probity, as would have remain'd (for ought I know) in all the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me (ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which I fear may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, tho' of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhou'd think my dog undervalu'd: (who follows me about as con-

ſtantly here in the country, as I was us'd to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince Montagne (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhap'd. He is not much a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate from him) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhows itſelf when he thinks me ill us'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by our ſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. -- Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of 'em, becauſe it is poſſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of Pylades and Oreſtes, &c. I will only ſay for the honour of dogs, that the two moſt ancient and eſteemable books ſacred and prophane extant, (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have ſhewn a particular regard to theſe animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, becauſe there ſeem'd no manner of reaſon to take notice of the dog, beſides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulyſſes's dog Argus, is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the circumſtances conſider'd, and an excellent proof of the old Bard's good nature. Ulyſſes had left him at Ithaca when he embark'd for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years, (which by the way is not ſo unnatural as ſome Critics have ſaid, ſince I remember the dam of my dog was twenty two years old when ſhe dy'd: may the omen of longævity prove fortunate to her ſucceſſor!) You ſhall have it in verſe.

ARGUS.

When wiſe Ulyſſes from his native coaſt,
Long kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen, unknown,
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own Palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful Man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he ſaw — he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and lick'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy; then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

Plutarch relating how the Athenians were oblig'd to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, purely to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that follow'd his maſter a-croſs the ſea to Salamis, where he dy'd, and was honour'd with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the Iſland where he was buried: This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite people of the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (tho' we have but few ſuch) is, that the chief Order of Denmark (now injuriouſly call'd the Order of the Elephant) was inſtituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, nam'd Wild-brat, to one of their Kings who had been deſerted by his ſubjects: He gave his Order this Motto, or to this effect, which ſtill remains, *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a

ſtory which he heard from one that was preſent: King Charles I. being with ſome of his Court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the Spaniel or Greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the Greyhound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the Good nature of the other, without the Fawning. A good piece of Satire upon his Courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe of dogs. Call me Cynic, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that you will find no dog more faithful than

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome ſcruple of ſending prophane things to you in holy-week: Beſides our family wou'd have been ſcandaliz'd to ſee me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but Verſes. I aſſure you I am look'd upon in the neighbourhood as a very well-diſpos'd Perſon, no great hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble ſport, and only unhappy in my want of conſtitution for that, and drinking. They all ſay 'tis pity I am ſo ſickly, and I think 'tis pity they are ſo healthy. But I ſay nothing that may deſtroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin Author ſince I came down, but have learn'd without book a ſong of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is the only Poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be ſo miſerable a dearth of catches, that I fear they would put either the parſon or me upon making 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the beſt toping-table of our gentry, who can roar out ſome rhapſodies of his works:

ſo that in the ſame manner as it was ſaid of Homer to his detractors, what? dares any one ſpeak againſt him who has made ſo many men eat? (meaning the rhapſodiſts who liv'd by repeating his verſes) it may be ſaid of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; dares any one deſpiſe him, who has made ſo many men drink? Alas, Sir, this is a glory which neither you nor I muſt ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuſe a whole board of Juſtices and extraordinary 'Squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration! Theſe things (they wou'd ſay) are too ſtudious, they may do well enough with ſuch as love reading, but give us your ancient Poet Mr. Durfey! 'Tis mortifying enough, it muſt be confeſs'd; but however, let us proceed in the way that Nature has directed us — *Multi multa ſciunt, ſed nemo omnia*, as it is ſaid in the Almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort; ſend me Elegies, and you ſhall not want Heroics. At preſent, I have only theſe Arguments in Proſe to the Thebaid, which you claim by promiſe, as I do your tranſlation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet* — and the Ring: The reſt I hope for as ſoon as you can conveniently tranſcribe 'em, and whatſoever orders you are pleas'd to give me, ſhall be punctually obey'd by Your, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

May 17, 1710.

AFter I had recover'd from a dangerous Illneſs which was firſt contracted in town, about a fortnight after my coming hither I troubled you with a letter, and a * paper inclos'd, which you had been ſo obliging as to deſire a ſight of when laſt I ſaw you, promiſing me in return ſome tranſlations of yours from Ovid: ſince when I have not had a ſyllable from your hands, ſo that 'tis to be fear'd

* Verſes on *Silence*, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's Poem on *Nothing*, done at 14 years old.

that tho' I have eſcap'd death, I have not oblivion. I ſhould at leaſt have expected you to have finiſh'd that Elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was ſick in London. If you will but do ſo much for me firſt, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards, and for my own part will die at diſcretion, and at my leiſure. But I fear I muſt be forc'd like many learned Authors to write my own Epitaph, if I would be remember'd at all. Monſieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of ſacrilege (do you think it is not?) to ſteal Epitaphs. In my preſent living-dead condition, nothing wou'd be properer than *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my friends, and the civilities I receiv'd from your ſelf and ſome others. They ſay, indeed, 'tis one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have confer'd, and perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe on whom they confer'd 'em? Then indeed I muſt be forgotten to all intents and purpoſes. I am, it muſt be own'd, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerſtaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damn'd Author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a uſeleſs Member of the Common-wealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue, if dead men are not civil to one another? If he who has nothing to do himſelf, will not comfort and ſupport another in his idleneſs? if thoſe who are to die themſelves, will not now and then pay the charity of viſiting a tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrowing a few flow'rs over him? In the ſhades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compaſſion for each other: being all alike *Inanes* and *Umbratiles*, we ſaunter to one another's habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that all alive as you are, yet you may not ſometimes diſdain *deſipere in loco.* Tho' you are no papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to the dead as to addreſs your ſelf to them, (which I plainly perceive by your ſilence) yet I hope you are not one of thoſe heterodox, who hold them to be totally inſenſible of the good offices and kind wiſhes of their living friends, and to be in a dull ſtate of

ſleep, without one dream of thoſe they left behind them? If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which aſſures you I am ſtill, tho' in a ſtate of ſeparation, Your, &c.

P. S. This letter of Deaths puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I wou'd have this ſentence of Tully for an Epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his Moral as Theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.

LETTER XXVIII.

June 24, 1710.

'TIS very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the perſons they love have nothing to do but to pleaſe them; when perhaps they for their parts had twenty other engagements before. This was my caſe, when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no ſooner receiv'd your ſhort letter, but I forgot your long ſilence; and ſo many fine things as you ſaid of me cou'd not but have wrought a cure on my own ſickneſs, if it had not been of the nature of that, which is deaf to the voice of the Charmer. 'Twas impoſſible you cou'd have better tim'd your compliment on my Philoſophy; it was certainly propereſt to commend me for it juſt when I moſt needed it, and when I could leaſt be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. 'Tis not eaſy to expreſs what an exaltation it gave to my ſpirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were ſweeter than the ſweeteſt of his juleps and ſyrups. But if you will not believe ſo much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a ſoulage dans ce moment;
Et des qu' on me l'eſt venu faire,
J'ay chaſſe mon Apoticaire,
Et renvoye mon Lavement.

Nevertheleſs I would not have you entirely lay aſide the thoughts of my Epitaph, any more than I do thoſe of the probability of my becoming (e'er long) the ſubject of one. For Death has of late been very familiar with ſome of my ſize; I am told my Lord L** y and Mr. L**n are gone before me; and tho' I may now without vanity eſteem my ſelf the leaſt thing like a man in England, yet I can't but be ſorry, two heroes of ſuch a make ſhould die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our ſize, had they fallen by an irruption of Cranes, or other warlike animals, thoſe ancient enemies to our Pygmæan anceſtors! You of a ſuperior ſpecies little regard what befals us *Homunciolos ſeſquipedales*; however you have no reaſon to be ſo unconcern'd, ſince all Phyſicians agree there is no greater ſign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs.

I am glad you lik'd the fooliſh Rondeau I ſent you upon my own Littleneſs: It is the firſt Rondeau, I believe, in our language. This ſort of Poem ſeems not to have been in uſe with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the leaſt notice of it. 'Tis to be obſerved, that the vulgar ſpelling and pronouncing it *Round O*, is a manifeſt corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by Critics. Some may miſtakenly imagine, that it was a ſort of Rondeau which the Gallic ſoldiers ſung in Cæſar's triumph over Gaul -- *Gallias Cæſar ſubegit*, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and ſo derive its original from the antient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being rang'd according to the laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will ſay, that the ſong of the ſoldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and ſo conſequently imperfect, neither Heinſius nor I can be of that opinion; and ſo I conclude that we know nothing of the matter. Yours, &c.

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LETTER XXIX.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Aug. 3, 1710.

LOoking among ſome French rhymes, I was agreeably ſurpriz'd to find in the Rondeau of * *Pour le moins* --- your *Apoticaire* and *Lavement*, which I took for your own; ſo much is your Muſe of intelligence with the Wits of all languages. Your Rondeau is a refinement upon Voiture. You do not only pay your club with your Author (as our friend ſays) but the whole reckoning, who can form ſuch pretty lines from ſo trivial a hint.

For * my Elegy; 'tis confeſs'd, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin, makes but an awkward figure in the Verſion. Your couplet of the dog-ſtar is very fine, but may be too ſublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon Paradiſe; for to make Ovid talk of the Garden of Eden, is certainly moſt abſurd: But Xenophon, in his Oeconomics, ſpeaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here deſcribed) calls it Paradiſos: 'Tis an Interpolation indeed, and ſerves for a gradation to the Cœleſtial Orb; which expreſſes in ſome ſort the *Sidus Caſtoris in parte Cœli.* How Trees can enjoy, let the Naturaliſts determine; but the Poets make 'em ſenſitive, lovers, batchelors, and married. Virgil in his Georgics Lib. 2. Horace Ode 15. Lib. 2. *Platanus cœlebs evincet ulmos.* Epod. 2. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos.* Your Critique is a very *Dolce-piccante*; for after the many faults you juſtly find, you ſmooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who ſo much eſteems and admires you, and who ſhall ever be Your, &c.

* In Voiture's Poems.

LETTER XXX.

Aug. 21, 1710.

IN what I ſent you ſome time ago, you have not verſe enough to be ſevere upon, in revenge for my laſt criticiſm: In one point I muſt perſiſt, that is to ſay, my diſlike of your Paradiſe, in which I take no pleaſure. I know very well that in Greek 'tis not only us'd by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in Engliſh it bears the ſignification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reaſon againſt making Ovid uſe it; who will be thought to talk too like a chriſtian in your verſion at leaſt, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the reſt of my remarks, ſince you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be ſo civil as not to lay any ſtreſs upon 'em (as I think I told you before) and in particular in the point of Trees enjoying, you have I muſt own, fully ſatisfy'd me that the expreſſion is not only defenſible, but beautiful. I ſhall be very glad to ſee your tranſlation of the Elegy *ad Amicam navigantem*, as ſoon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write either in verſe or proſe, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my opinion can be of any ſort of conſequence in any thing) that I will never be unſincere, tho' I may be often miſtaken. To uſe ſincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced ſo much of it; and I need not tell you how much I really eſteem you, when I eſteem nothing in the world ſo much as that quality. I know you ſometimes ſay civil things to me in your epiſtolary ſtyle, but thoſe I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of Admiring; 'tis a word you are ſo us'd to in the converſation of Ladies, that it will creep into your diſcourſe in ſpite of you ev'n to your friends. But as women when they think themſelves ſecure of admiration, commit a thouſand negligences, which

* Ovid's Amorum, l. 2. El. 16. Pars me Sulmo, &c.

ſhow them ſo much at diſadvantage and off their guard, as to loſe the little real love they had before: So when men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works, to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encourag'd by ſo much indulgence) ſome Verſes of my Youth, or rather Childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner*; and are, perhaps, ſuch imitations, as thoſe you ſee in awkward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take 'em with you into Lincolnſhire, they may ſave you one hour from the converſation of the country gentlemen and their tenants, (who differ but in dreſs and name) which if it be there as bad as here, is even worſe than my Poetry. I hope your ſtay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the Country, and run away to London with the money. In the mean time, I beg the favour of a line from you, and am, as I will never ceaſe to be, Your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT laſt I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to tranſcribe this Elegy: I have chang'd the ſituation of ſome of the Latin Verſes, and made ſome Interpolations, but I hope they are not abſurd, or foreign to my Author's ſenſe and manner; but they are refer'd to your cenſure, as a debt; whom I eſteem no leſs a Critic than a Poet: I expect to be treated with the ſame rigour as I have practis'd to Mr. Dryden and you,

— *Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.*

* One or two of theſe were ſince printed among other Imitations done in his Youth.

I deſire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, in his ſpeech to Pyrrhus in the ſecond Æneid, ſays this to him,

At non ille ſatum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He wou'd intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's anſwer) only his Degeneracy: but then theſe following lines of the verſion (I ſuppoſe from Homer's hiſtory) ſeem abſurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He chear'd my ſorrows, and for ſums of gold,
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector ſold.

I am, Your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

July 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the Verſion you ſent me of Ovid's Elegy. It is very much an image of that Author's writing, who has an agreeableneſs that charms us without correctneſs, like a miſtreſs whoſe faults we ſee, but love her with them all. You have very judiciouſly alter'd his method in ſome places, and I can find nothing which I dare inſiſt upon as an error: What I have written in the margin being meerly gueſſes at a little Improvement, rather than Criticiſms. I aſſure you I do not expect you ſhould ſubſcribe to my private notions, but when you ſhall judge 'em agreeable to reaſon and good ſenſe. What I have done is not as a Critic, but as a Friend; I know too well how many qualities are requiſite to make the one, and that I want almoſt all I can reckon up; but I am ſure I do not want inclination, nor I hope capacity, to be the other. Nor ſhall I take it at all amiſs, that another diſſents from my opinion: 'tis no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advan-

ces in underſtanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himſelf, and finds ſomething or other ſtill to blame in his former notions and opinions. —

As to the paſſage of which you ask my opinion in the ſecond Æneid, it is either ſo plain as to require no ſolution, or elſe (which is very probable) you ſee farther into it than I can. Priam would ſay, "Achilles (whom ſurely you only feign to be your father, "ſince your actions are ſo different from his) did not uſe me "thus inhumanly: he bluſh'd at his murder of Hector when he "ſaw my ſorrows for him; and reſtored me his dead body to be "buried." To this the anſwer of Pyrrhus ſeems agreeable enough. "Go then to the ſhades, and tell Achilles how I dege-"nerate from him:" granting the truth of what Priam had ſaid of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciouſly paſſes in ſilence, the circumſtance of Achilles ſelling for money the body of Hector, ſeems not ſo proper; it is in ſome meaſure leſſening the character of Achilles' generoſity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his ſon, and to reproach him with the want of it. But the truth of this circumſtance is no way to be queſtioned, being expreſsly taken from Homer, who repreſents Achilles weeping for Priam yet receiving the gold, Iliad 24: For when he gives the body, he uſes theſe words, "O my friend "Patroclus! forgive me that I quit the corps of him who kill'd "thee; I have great gifts in ranſom for it, which I will beſtow "upon thy funeral. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Oct. 12, 1710.

I Defer'd anſwering your laſt, upon the advice I receiv'd that you were leaving the town for ſome time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a deſign of ſeeing my friends

there, among the firſt of which I have reaſon to account your ſelf. But my almoſt continual illneſſes prevent that, as well as moſt other ſatisfactions of my life. However I may ſay one good thing of ſickneſs, that it is the beſt cure in nature for ambition, and deſigns upon the world or fortune. It makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be eaſy, by intervals, for the preſent. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumſtantial part and pomp of life to thoſe, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the miſtreſſes of their deſires. I thank God, there is nothing out of my ſelf which I would be at the trouble of ſeeking, except a friend; a happineſs I once hop'd to have poſſeſs'd — I have for ſome years been employ'd much like children that build houſes with cards, endeavouring very buſily and eagerly to raiſe a friendſhip, which the firſt breath of any ill-natur'd by-ſtander could puff away. — But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor my ſelf with thinking, of this ſubject.

I was mightily pleaſed to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had track'd me ſo far as France. You ſee 'tis with weak heads as with weak ſtomachs, they immediately throw out what they received laſt; and what they read floats upon the ſurface of their mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think however, can't be ſaid of the Love-verſes I laſt troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the author, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you, (like a Friend entertaining a better opinion of 'em) it ſeems ſearch'd in Waller, but ſearch'd in vain. Your judgment of 'em is (I think) very right. —

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom you tell me you met at Epſom) for telling you truth, as a man is in theſe days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine than what he told you, and I ſhould be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and eſteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes,
Unum opus & requiem pariter diſponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria menſa.

By theſe *Epulæ*, as I take it, Perſius meant the Portugal Snuff and burnt Claret, which he took with his maſter Cornutus; and the *Verecunda Menſa* was, without diſpute, ſome coffee-houſe table of the antients. I will only obſerve, that theſe four lines are as elegant and muſical as any in Perſius, not excepting thoſe ſix or ſeven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only ſuch in all that author. I could be heartily glad to repeat the ſatisfaction deſcrib'd in them, being truly Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I HAVE juſt read and compar'd * Mr. Rowe's Verſion of the 9th of Lucan, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the Prieſts; one where Cato ſays *Sortilegis egeant dubii* — and one in the ſimile of the *Hæmorrhois* — *fatidici Sabæi.* He is ſo errant a Whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his Author in paſſion for Liberty, and averſion to Tyranny; and errs only in amplification. Lucan in *initio noni*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodque patet terras inter Lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant ——

* Printed in the 6th Vol. of Tonſon's Miſcellanies.

Mr. Rowe has this line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error Sphæricus in this or no? Your, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

Nov. 11, 1710.

I HAVE (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Rowe's 9th Book of Lucan: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebæuf, the famous French Imitator. If I remember right, he ſometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the verſion, as particularly in line 808, *Utque ſolet pariter totis ſe effundere ſignis Corycii preſſura croci* —— And in the place you quote, he makes of thoſe two lines in the Latin

——Vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſtque ſui ludibria trunci.

no leſs than eight in Engliſh.

What you obſerve ſure cannot be an Error Sphæricus, ſtrictly ſpeaking, either according to the Ptolomaic, or Copernican ſyſtem; Tycho Brahe himſelf will be on the Tranſlator's ſide: For Mr. Rowe here ſays no more, than that he look'd down on the rays of the ſun, which Pompey might do, even tho' the body of the ſun were above him.

You can't but have remark'd what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the ſake of his fine deſcriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reaſon than this,

Hæc eadem ſuadebat Hyems quæ clauſerat æquor.

The winter's effects on the ſea it ſeems were more to be dreaded

than all the ſerpents, whirl-winds, ſands, &c. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his ſpeech to the ſoldiers. Then he fetches a compaſs a vaſt way about to the Naſamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the Oracles; and Labienus muſt pardon me, if I do not believe him when he ſays — *Sors obtulit, & fortuna viæ* — either Labienus or the Map is very much miſtaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes, (which he might have taken firſt in his way to Utica) and ſo to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him; who ſeems to have made Cato ſpeak his own mind when he tells his army — *Ire ſat eſt* — no matter whither. I am Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

Decemb. 17, 1710.

IT ſeems that my late mention of Craſhaw, and my quotation from him, has mov'd your curioſity. I therefore ſend you the whole author, who has held a place among my books for ſome years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of thoſe whoſe works may juſt deſerve that trouble. I take him to have writ like a Gentleman, that is at leiſure hours, and more to keep out of idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a reputation: ſo that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards deſign, form, fable, (which is the Soul of Poetry) all that concerns exactneſs, or conſent of parts, (which is the body) will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glitt'ring expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of verſe conſidering the age he liv'd in, (which are properly the dreſs, gems, or looſe ornaments of poetry) may be found in theſe verſes. This is indeed the caſe of moſt poetical writers of Miſcellanies; nor can it well be otherwiſe, ſince no man can be a great Poet, who writes for diverſion only. Theſe Authors ſhould be conſider'd as Verſifiers, and witty men, rather than as Poets; and under this head

will only fall the particular thoughts, the expreſſions, and the numbers: thoſe parts of poetry which may be judg'd of at a view, and comprehended all at once: ſuch whoſe Colouring only entertains the ſight, but the Lines and Life of the picture are not to be inſpected too narrowly.

This author form'd himſelf upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts one may obſerve, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far-fetch'd, and too often ſtrain'd and ſtiffned to make them appear the greater: For men are never ſo apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconſiderate authors would rather be admir'd than underſtood. This ambition of ſurprizing a reader, is the true natural cauſe of all fuſtian, or bombaſt in poetry. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but look into his firſt Poem call'd the Weeper, where ſeveral of the Stanza's are as ſublimely dull, as others of the ſame copy, are ſoft and pleaſing: and if theſe laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected expreſſion: the remaining thoughts in that poem might have been ſpared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the firſt, one may gueſs at all the reſt, to be like this, a mixture of tender gentile thoughts and ſuitable expreſſions, of forc'd and inextricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt: A reader may skim off the froth, and uſe the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of dregs: either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own natural, middle way is beſt.

To ſpeak of his Numbers is a little difficult, they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric. 'Tis evident his heroic verſe (the beſt example of which is his Muſic's Duel) is careleſly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care it had been muſical and pleaſing enough, not extremely majeſtic, but ſweet: and the time conſider'd of his writing, he was (ev'n as uncorrect as he is) none of the worſt Verſificators.

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of this Author are, a Pa-

raphraſe on Pſal. xxiii. on Leſſius, Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppos'd Miſtreſs, and the *Dies Iræ*. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

Decemb. 30, 1710.

I Reſume my old liberty of throwing out my ſelf upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermoſt in my head, the ſubject of a letter. They are at preſent upon Laughter, which (for ought I know) may be the cauſe you might ſometimes think me too remiſs a friend, when I was moſt intirely ſo: for I am never ſo inclined to mirth as when I am moſt pleas'd and moſt eaſy, which is in the company of a friend like your ſelf.

As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a proof of fondneſs not diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a friend. I know there are Prudes in friendſhip who expect diſtance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worſhipper, tho' a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs Jupiter himſelf in a heathen way, I fancy I ſhould be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Dionyſius; I was juſt going to ſay of his buttons, but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be poſitive, to ſo nice a Critic as you, but his robe might be ſubnected with a *Fibula.)* I know ſome Philoſophers define Laughter, "A recommendation of our ſelves to our own fa-"vour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another:" but I am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any ſuch conſideration in their heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt part, and as ſillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing about a thing, and laughing at a thing: One may find the inferior man (to make a kind of caſuiſtical diſtinction) provok'd to folly at the ſight or obſervation of ſome circumſtance of a thing, when the thing itſelf appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperior

man, that is, our judgment and reaſon. Let an Ambaſſador ſpeak the beſt ſenſe in the world, and deport himſelf in the moſt graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the Tail of his ſhirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wiſe man) to hang out behind, more people ſhall laugh at that, than attend to the other; till they recollect themſelves, and then they will not have a jot the leſs reſpect for the Miniſter. I muſt confeſs the iniquity of my countenance before you; ſeveral muſcles of my face ſometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment ſoon riſes, and ſets all right again about my mouth: And I find I value no man ſo much, as he in whoſe ſight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *ſub-Perſona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honeſty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a ſecond nature than I know) is but a knaviſh hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face. — To conclude, thoſe that are my friends I laugh with, and thoſe that are unreaſonably otherwiſe, I laugh at; ſo am merry in company, and if ever I am wiſe, it is all by my ſelf. You take juſt another courſe, and to thoſe that are not your friends, are very civil, and to thoſe that are, very endearing and complaiſant: Thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Riſus & Blanditiæ* united together in converſation, as they commonly are in a verſe: But without laughter on the one ſide, or compliment on the other, I aſſure you, I am with real eſteem Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Receiv'd the entertainment of your letter the day after I had ſent you one of mine, and I am but this morning return'd hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your journey from Bath, gives me ſuch a kind of pleaſure, as we

uſually take in accompanying our friends in their mixt adventures; for methinks I ſee you labouring thro' all your inconveniencies, of the rough roads, the hard ſaddle, the trotting horſe, and what not? What an agreeable ſurprize wou'd it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, cafry'd you off triumphantly, ſet you on an eaſier pad, and reliev'd the wandring Knight with a night's lodging and rural repaſt at our Caſtle in the Foreſt? But theſe are only the pleaſing imaginations of a diſappointed lover, who muſt ſuffer in a melancholy abſence yet theſe two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muſes for want of your better company. Thoſe aerial Ladies juſt diſcover enough to me of their beauties to urge my purſuit, and draw me on in a wandring maze of thought, ſtill in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining thoſe favours from 'em, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We graſp ſome more beautiful Idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to expreſs it can ſet to the view of others; and ſtill do but labour to fall ſhort of our firſt imagination: That gay colouring which fancy gave, at the firſt tranſient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution; like thoſe various figures in the gilded ſolids, which while we gaze long upon, to ſeparate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confuſion.

I am highly pleas'd with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's temper, which ſeems ſo favourable to me. I ſhall ever have ſuch a fund of affection for him, as to be agreeable to my ſelf when I am ſo to him. I cannot but be gay when he's in good humour, as the ſurface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the ſun is brighter or more overcaſt. For what remains, I am ſo well that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo can make me better; and if you wou'd have me live with ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to Your, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO and FROM

James Craggs.

The Honble J. C. Esq; Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, &c.

From 1711 to 1715.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Hon. J. C. *Esq;*

June 15, 1711.

I Send you Dennis's remarks on the *Essay, which equally abound in just cricitisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a mornings leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critic as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answer'd, and that way I would not take, after what he informs me in his preface that he is at this time persecuted by fortune: This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay, for that only reason. I can't conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment;

* On Criticism.

nor imagine how thoſe * three lines can be called a reflection on his perſon, which only deſcribe him ſubject a little to anger on ſome occaſions. I have heard of combatants ſo very furious, as to fall down themſelves with that blow which they deſign'd to lay heavy on their antagoniſts: But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to diſcourage young and unexperienc'd writers from ſcribling, he ſhould frighten us with his verſe, not proſe: for I have often known that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner, ſome very ſad example has done the buſineſs. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe of another edition. What he obſerves at the bottom of page 20th of his reflections was objected to by your ſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of the preſs: I will make my enemy do me a kindneſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve inſtead of a friend.

I ſhall certainly never give the leaſt reply to him; not only becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opinion, that if a book can't anſwer for itſelf to the publick, 'tis to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely I don't deſire all the world ſhould be deceiv'd (which would be of very ill conſequence) meerly that I my ſelf may be thought right, (which is of very little conſequence.) I would be the firſt to recant, for the benefit of others and the glory of my ſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known: It has been the occaſion of making me friends and open abettors of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world, or I ſhould never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read, that 'twas a cuſtom among the Ro-

* *But* Appius *reddens at each word you ſpeak,*
And ſtares tremendous, with a threatning eye,
Like ſome fierce Tyrant in old Tapeſtry.

mans, while a General rode in triumph, that the common ſoldiers in the ſtreets ſhould rail at him and reproach him; to put him in mind, that tho' his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a Wit was attack'd for his Religion, as you'll find I am moſt zealouſly in this treatiſe: and you know Sir, what alarms I have had from the oppoſite ſide on this account. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, & ſuper ipſi*
Dardanidæ *infenſi pœnas cum ſanguine poſcunt!*

'Tis however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial.

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces ſeveral particular lines, detach'd from their natural places, may ſhew how eaſy it is to a caviller to give a new ſenſe, or a new nonſenſe to any thing. And indeed his conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call'd 'em. Our friend the Abbe is not of that ſort, who with the utmoſt candour and freedom has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhewn himſelf one (as he himſelf very well expreſſes it) rather of a Number than a Party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks moſt ſorts of learning flouriſh'd among 'em, and I am of opinion that only ſome ſort of learning was barely kept alive by 'em: he believes that in the moſt natural and obvious ſenſe, that line *A ſecond deluge learning over-run* will be underſtood of learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be underſtood only (as 'tis meant) of polite learning, criticiſm, poetry, &c. which is the only learning

concern'd in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the Monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others rose from thence, insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly oblig'd to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and his goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error: And his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge. Your, &c.

LETTER XL.

June 18, 1711.

IN your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

> *Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd*
> *To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.*

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows (*Meanly they seek*, &c.) speaks only of Wit, (which is meant by *that blessing*, and *that sun*) for how can the sun of Faith be said to sublime the southern wits, and to ripen the genius's of northern climates? I fear these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism; and perhaps out of good nature to the monks, are willing to take from 'em the censure of ignorance and have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those Critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular

T-

ſett of writers, to the prejudice of all others. The very ſimile itſelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the cenſure here of damning lies not on our church at all, unleſs they call our church *one ſmall ſect:* and the cautious words, *by each man* manifeſtly ſhow it a general reflection on all ſuch (whoever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed miniſters and presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all I promiſe you, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of ſound faith, tho' weak underſtanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particulariſe the ſpot where their objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow compaſs) that ſtumbling-block, tho' it be but a pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who I am afraid being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) ſhould proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you notwithſtanding I will do or ſay nothing however provok'd (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholick: I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great ſaint, Eraſmus; who in the midſt of calumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence, and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive chriſtianity. However I would adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of him to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forc'd to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean to vindicate ſo great a Light of our church, from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a langnage which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about Criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to 'em right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb it for things of ſo little conſequence as my credit and my ſenſe. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a

little charity would do a prieſt none: for as St. Auſtin finely ſays, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi Pax.* Your, &c.

LETTER XLI.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me; makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter, and of ſetting before you in a clear light the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believ'd, the beſt piece of ſervice one cou'd do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but our ſelves, invincible ignorance excepted; which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurl'd about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of Eccleſiaſticks) than as a real exception to almoſt-univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our Church, we muſt again ſubdivide; the Janſeniſt is damn'd by the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be Errors I grant, but I can't think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the Charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are ingag'd by God to one another. Therefore I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs

my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment, as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charg'd with; and I hop'd, a ſlight inſinuation introduc'd ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, cou'd never have given offence, but on the contrary muſt needs have done good; in a nation and time wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt miſrepreſented and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the ſuperſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifeſt a truth to be deny'd, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, tho' they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt 'em; I can't tell why, ſince now 'tis no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmother'd in ſilence. For as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being ſlander'd; 'tis our buſineſs to vindicate our ſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, [or be content to be laugh'd at with ſuch as deſerve it.]

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerv'd, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the Simile of Wit and Faith lay to the word *they*: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar ſerving to confute 'em) then the objection was againſt the ſimile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of Superſtition muſt become a crime; as if religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were ſcandal upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word againſt the devil's baſtard. Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcover'd in a place that ſeem'd innocent at firſt, the two lines about *Schiſmatics*. An ordinary man wou'd imagine the author plainly declar'd againſt

thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: but theſe believers are call'd *dull*, and becauſe I ſay that thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers dull, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * theſe objections: who aſſured me I had ſaid nothing which a Catholick need to diſown, and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head which I confeſs I can't but acquieſce in; that when a ſet of people are piqu'd at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really gall'd by: What theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Eraſmus, whom their tribe oppreſs'd and perſecuted, ſhould be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter, and to whom few will do juſtice. Others you know were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour; who as he never refus'd to any one of merit of any party the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerv'd it from all others tho' of ever ſo different intereſts or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of this ſort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes ev'n after death. As I wou'd always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they are abſent, ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for the printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and I fancy a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, will hardly exceed the vent of that

number.) You ſhall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end. Your, &c.

LETTER XLII.

The Hon. J. C. *to Mr.* POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the ſake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceas'd, that * Betterton's remains are fallen into ſuch hands as may render 'em reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Beſides the publick acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private converſation, and ever thought it pity he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of his fortune, to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your deſign of giving us an imitation of Pollio, I am ſatisfy'd 'twill be doubly divine and I ſhall long to ſee it. I ever thought church-muſick the moſt raviſhing of all harmonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe ſacred ſubjects, well handled, the moſt inſpiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know that rather than draw any juſt reflection upon your ſelf of the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would freely have ſuppreſt one of the beſt of poems.) I hear no more of it --- will it come out in Lintot's Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London.

I have ſince I ſaw you correſponded with Mrs. W. I hope ſhe

* A Tranſlation of ſome part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, &c. printed in a Miſcellany with ſome works of Mr. Pope, in 2 Vol. 12°. by B. Lintot.

is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatſoever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am Your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W's. affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſtay ſhe makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people uſually go into unknown or half diſcover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left alone; yet we ſee the world generally takes care they ſhall be ſo: whereas if we took a conſiderate proſpect of the world, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy and eaſy ſhou'd be to divert and to humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore excuſe ſome near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as ſorrow: all I ſhall ſay to you of 'em at preſent is, that they have not been my Relations theſe two months. The conſent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have

ſhewn towards me, have not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſcovery of that generous and manly compaſſion you manifeſted in the caſe of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtile which was once peculiar to friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: ſo that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by a complaiſant and open kindneſs. --- Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth Sir, I like it but too well my ſelf already: expoſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men) and be kindly content for the future when you would pleaſe me thoroughly, to ſay only you like what I write. Yours, &c.

P.S. I have inclos'd my letter to the Lady. You'll ſee 'tis in the lofty ſtyle, agreeable to her ſpirit; but includes ſound advice, and ſuch as ſhe had better follow than her preſent Thought, which I fear would be deſtructive to one of her temper.

LETTER XLIV.

Madam,

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at laſt prove your relation, and has entertain'd ſuch ſentiments as become him in your concern. I have been prepar'd for this by degrees, having ſeveral times receiv'd from Mrs. * that which is one of the greateſt pleaſures, the knowledge that others enter'd into my own ſentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known. As I have often condol'd with you in your adverſities, ſo I have a right which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the proſpect of your better fortunes; and I hope for the future

to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Tho' you modeſtly ſay the world has left you, yet I verily believe it is coming to you again as faſt as it can: for to give the world its due, it is always very fond of Merit when 'tis paſt its power to oppoſe it. Therefore if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But if you are reſolv'd in revenge to rob the world of ſo much example as you may afford it, I believe your deſign will be vain; for even in a Monaſtery your devotions cannot carry you ſo far toward the next world as to make this loſe the ſight of you; but you'll be like a ſtar, that while it is fix'd to heaven, ſhines over all the earth.

Whereſoever Providence ſhall diſpoſe of the moſt valuable thing I know, I ſhall ever follow you with my ſincereſt wiſhes, and my beſt thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor of them. Your own Guardian Angels cannot be more conſtant, nor more ſilent. I beg you will never ceaſe to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injuſtice. As I have hitherto been ſo in ſpite of the world, ſo hereafter, if it be poſſible you ſhou'd ever be more oppoſed and more deſerted, I ſhould only be ſo much the more your faithful, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Madam,

I Can ſay little to recommend the letters I ſhall write to you, but that they will be the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart, and the trueſt copies you ever ſaw, tho' of a very mean original. Not a feature will be ſoften'd, or any advantagious light employ'd to make the ugly thing a little leſs hideous: but you ſhall find it in all reſpects, moſt horribly like. You will do me an injuſtice if you look upon any thing I ſhall ſay from this inſtant, as a compliment, either to you or to my ſelf: Whatever

I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you'll no more expect it of me to perſevere till death in every ſentiment or notion I now ſet down, than you would imagine a man's face ſhould never change when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I ſhall uſe in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the beſt ſort of fools, the honeſt ones. And ſince what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in ſpite of all our art to keep it down; methinks 'tis almoſt fooliſh to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almoſt knaviſh to do it from thoſe that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breaſts, I ſhou'd be for carrying it further, and making thoſe windows, caſements; that while a man ſhow'd his heart to all the world, he might do ſomething more for his friends; even give it them, and truſt it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod did Herodias (tho' I never had ſo much as one dance with you) and would as freely give you my heart in a diſh, as he did another's head. But ſince Jupiter will not have it ſo, I muſt be content to ſhew my taſte in life, as I do my taſte in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as poſſible. Not that I think every body naked altogether ſo fine a ſight, as your ſelf and a few more would be; but becauſe 'tis good to uſe people to what they muſt be acquainted with; and there will certainly come ſome day of judgment or other, to uncover every ſoul of us. We ſhall then ſee that the Prudes of this world ow'd all their fine figure only to their being ſtraiter-laced than the reſt; and that they are naturally as arrant ſquabs as thoſe that went more looſe, nay as thoſe that never girded their loins at all. — But a particular reaſon that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others expreſs their thoughts of you, they fall very ſhort of mine, and I know at the ſame time, theirs are ſuch as you would think ſufficiently in your favour.

You may eaſily imagine how deſirous I muſt be of a correſpondence with a perſon, who had taught me long ago that it was

as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruin'd me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible thro' your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquility and indolence I had so long found in the Country; when one evening of your conversation has spoil'd me for a Solitaire! Books have lost their effect upon me, and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own: what is very strange, Virtue herself (when you have the dressing her) is too amiable for one's repose. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allow'd half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have conversed with you; they would have been strangely deceiv'd, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitch'd them with Reason and Virtue (two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those restrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth, to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush; we converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design, in either of us. And methinks it would be as paltry a part, to impose (even in a single thought) upon each other in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by asking you a question, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? what degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune which I hope you will never feel, that of parting from

what one moſt eſteems? for if my parting look'd but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greateſt of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never ſince paſs by your houſe, but with the ſame ſort of melancholy that we feel upon ſeeing the tomb of a friend, which only ſerves to put us in mind of what we have loſt. I reflect upon the circumſtances of your departure which I was there a witneſs of, (your behaviour in what I may call your laſt moments) and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleaſure in thinking that thoſe laſt moments were given to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have, in finding out the truth of people's ſentiments; and that you were willing, the laſt man that would have parted from you, ſhould be the laſt that did. I really look'd upon you juſt as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that Hero, at the inſtant when he was devoting himſelf to glory, and running to be loſt out of generoſity: I was oblig'd to admire your reſolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wiſh, that heaven would reward ſo much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elſewhere! I am, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

Madam,

I Can never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, and tho' it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine Lady to a Sybil, your leaves methinks like hers are too good to be committed to the winds, tho' I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that ſhort one from D--, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You have contriv'd to ſay in your laſt the two things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that whatever be the fate of your let-

ters, you will continue to write in the diſcharge of your conſcience: The other is, the juſtice you do me, in taking what I writ to you in the ſerious manner it was meant. It is the point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and in which above all I deſire to be thought ſerious: It would be vexatious indeed, if you ſhould pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improv'd by an eſteem for you: but ſince you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expreſſions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be encreaſed in all truths, that are as great as this, and depend upon it to whatever degree it may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would really think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with ſome qualities, as well deſerving to be half-laughed at and half eſteem'd, as moſt hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the moſt like reaſon of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word this heart is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with my own goods, or with empty ſpaces, to be ſupply'd as faſt as Intereſt or Ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and ſhall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as cloſe, as any idea in Chriſtendom.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) enlarges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you it has ſo extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wiſh that even ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation may interpoſe between you and the place you deſign for; and that you were reſtored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the boſom of your country? I hear you are come as far as — do you only look back to die twice? is Eurydice once more ſnatch'd to the ſhades? If ever mortal had reaſon to hate the King, it is I, whoſe particular misfortune it is, to be almoſt the only innocent perſon he has made to ſuffer; both by his Government at home, and his Negotiations abroad.

Lady Mary Wortley probably

If you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you might paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant way; that all the road might be roſes and myrtles, and a thouſand objects riſe round you, agreeable enough to make England leſs deſirable to you. It is not now my intereſt to wiſh England agreeable: It is highly probable it may uſe me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal Earth my own? Yet it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that when the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my country, what was moſt agreeable in it ſhould firſt be ſnatch'd away from it.

I could overtake you with pleaſure in —— and make that tour in your company. Every reaſonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I ſhould at leaſt attend you to the ſea coaſts, and caſt a laſt look after the ſails that tranſported you. But perhaps I might care as little to ſtay behind you; and be full as uneaſy to live in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was perſecuted my ſelf by the rogues of yours. And it is not impoſſible I might run into Aſia in ſearch of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a nation of freemen?

In good earneſt if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think I ſhould be once more happy in a ſight of you next ſpring.

I'll conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us, or me with you.

LETTER XLVII.

Madam,

YOU will find me more troubleſome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius; I ſhall meet you in more places than one, and often refreſh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi.

Theſe ſhadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really ſuffer'd very much from you, and whom you have robb'd of the moſt valuable of his enjoyments, your converſation. The advantage of hearing your ſentiments by diſcovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the riſque I generally run of manifeſting my own indiſcretion. You then rewarded my truſt in you the moment it was given, for you pleas'd or inform'd me the minute you anſwer'd. I muſt now be contented with more ſlow returns. However 'tis ſome pleaſure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more laſting poſſeſſion to me, and that I ſhall no longer have cauſe to complain of a loſs I have ſo often regretted, that of any thing you ſaid which I happen'd to forget. In earneſt, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be every day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit through all your ways, I follow you through every ſtage in books of *Travels*, and fear for you through whole folio's; you make me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. I enquire the roads, the amuſements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you paſs, with as much diligence as if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more conſtantly in mind, not even your Guardian Angel (if you have one) and I am willing to indulge ſo much Popery as to fancy ſome Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do your ſelf. I am willing to think that heaven never gave ſo much ſelf-neglect and reſolution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity, but am pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhow me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the firſt dove that return'd to Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no ſea-ſickneſs. I beg your next may give me all the

pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind. Nothing that regards the ſtates or kingdoms you paſs through, will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to your ſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of Chriſtendom.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, tho' perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing Religions and Governments: but Private virtues one can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular Perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs another. You will ſay, I am not *publick-ſpirited*; let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can never have a Publick-ſpirit; for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C. he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now ſo good, that we wiſh with all our ſouls you were a witneſs of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we ſtrow flowers of rhetorick, and offer ſuch libations to your name as it would be profane to call Toaſting: the Duke of B——m is ſometimes the High Prieſt of your praiſes; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not ſorry at your departure, as women that are; for you know moſt of your ſex want good ſenſe, and therefore muſt want generoſity. You have ſo much of both, that I am ſure you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one deſpiſes. For my part I hate a great many women for your ſake, and undervalue all the reſt. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all thoſe bleſſings and earthly proſperities which the Divines tell us are the cauſe of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare truſt your own virtue to do it in the other. I am, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Hon. J. C. *Esq*;

Decemb. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length comply'd with the requeſt I have often made you, for you have ſhown me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſight of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent: ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerv'd friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain, without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabille of the underſtanding. You have prov'd your ſelf more tender of another's embryo's than the fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have preſerv'd every thing that I miſcarry'd of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may again riſe in judgment againſt me: yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid, ſince this has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my ſlighteſt thoughts. The reviſal of theſe letters has been a kind of examination of conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully have I ſet down in 'em from time to time the true and undiſguiſed ſtate of my mind. But I find, that theſe which were intended as ſketches of my friendſhip, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landſcapes we commonly ſee in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can repreſent but a very ſmall part of it, and that depriv'd of the life and luſtre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd to render manifeſt the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by repreſenting leſs and leſs of it: as glaſſes which are deſign'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full Idea of a thing firſt upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces of it ſerve to refreſh the remem-

brance, and are not diſpleaſing on that ſcore; ſo I hope the fore-knowledge you had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon that you do not diſlike my letters.

They will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in the deſign I mentioned to you with Mr. Steele. I believe I had better ſteal from a richer man, and plunder your letters, (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, ſince they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to apprehend this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challeng'd me for it: and thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrow'd from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain, and whoſe works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my verſes are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault, I have endeavour'd my utmoſt that they ſhould. But theſe things are only whiſper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude. Your, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO and FROM

Mr. STEELE.

LETTER XLIX.

From Mr. STEELE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a ſolitude, an houſe between Hampſtead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumſtance ſet me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir Charles, who breath'd his laſt in this room,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart,
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire,
Between declining virtue and deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

This was an happy talent to a man of the town, but I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him, that he had pray'd

— O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turn'd to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerv'd the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at — Hark a glad voice — and — The lamb with wolves ſhall graze — There is but one line which I think below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſs'd it with a good and pious, but not ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet. *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am your, &c.

LETTER L.

To Mr. STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualify'd for. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending intirely either ſolitude, or publick life. In the former, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are deſtroy'd by too much precipitation; as waters lying ſtill, putrify and are good for nothing, and running violently on, do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are ſwallow'd up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not only glide thro'

lonely valleys and foreſts amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem deſign'd for ſolitude, ſuch I mean as have more to hide than to ſhow: As for my own part, I am one of thoſe of whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimilitude) are like waters which may be forc'd into fountains and exalted to a great height, may make a nobler figure and a louder noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obſcurity. But whoever has the Muſes too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus Sir you ſee I would flatter my ſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt, but if his chance be otherwiſe, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am Your, &c.

LETTER LII.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerv'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider my ſelf in theſe different views,

and I hope have receiv'd ſome advantage by it. If what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made,

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying our ſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our outworks. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is with reſpect to the whole creation, me-

thinks 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they were us'd to do. "The Me-"mory of man, (as it is elegantly expreſs'd in the Book of Wiſdom) "paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one "day." There are reaſons enough in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in "length of time, or is meaſur'd by number of years: But wiſdom "is the gray hair to men, and an unſpotted life is old age. He "was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould alter his under-"ſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul, &c. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIII.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or ſix men of ſome learning, where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the Emperor Adrian ſpoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of Gayety unworthy of that prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of its departure; in which ſenſe I naturally took the verſes at my firſt reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca!

"Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion of this body, thou "fleeting thing that art now deſerting it! whither art thou flying? "to what unknown ſcene? all trembling, fearful, and penſive! "what now is become of thy former wit and humour? thou ſhalt "jeſt and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the Trifling in all this? 'tis the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in Catullus and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are us'd to expreſs the utmoſt Love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes. — If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of Adrian, be pleas'd to inſert it in the Spectator, if not, to ſuppreſs it. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIV.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I Am ſorry you publiſh'd that notion about Adrian's verſes as mine: had I imagin'd you wou'd uſe my name, I ſhou'd have expreſs'd my ſentiments with more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to have your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, which I diſtruſted. But I think the ſuppoſition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to Magick, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no ſort of deity, good or bad") ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſollicitous whither his ſoul was going? As to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions,

I have own'd my opinion to be that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that diminutives are as often in the Latin tongue uſed as marks of Tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *virgo bella* is not half ſo endearing as *virgunçula bellula*, and had Auguſtus only call'd Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: 'twas the *homunciolum* that expreſt the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould my ſelf be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

LETTERS

TO and FROM

Mr. ADDISON.

LETTER LV.

July 20, 1713.

I Am more joy'd at your return than I ſhould be at that of the Sun, ſo much as I wiſh for him this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be diſpleaſing to Owls and obſcene animals, who cannot bear his luſtre. What put me in mind of theſe night-birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are beſt revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon thoſe bats and beaſtly birds above-mentioned, only by ſhining on. I am ſo far from eſteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your ſhare in that, of which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part, Envy and Calumny. To be uncenſured and to be obſcure, is the ſame thing. You may conclude from what I here ſay, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to ſuch a Critic, but only in ſome little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. * But indeed your opinion that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own caſe: but I felt more warmth here than I did when firſt I

ſaw his book againſt my ſelf, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written againſt every thing the world has approv'd theſe many years: I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's diſliking our ſenſe, that it may make us think ſo very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his diſapprobation.

I muſt not here omit to do juſtice to Mr. Gay, whoſe zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the moſt preſſing terms about it, though with that juſt contempt of the Critic which he deſerves. I think in theſe days one honeſt man is obliged to acquaint another, who are his friends; when ſo many miſchievous inſects are daily at work to make people of merit ſuſpicious of each other, that they may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them look'd upon no better than themſelves. I am your, &c.

LETTER LVI.

From Mr. ADDISON.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I Was extreamly glad to receive a letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the contents of it. The † work you mention will I dare ſay very ſufficiently recommend itſelf, when your name appears with the Propoſals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhowing it by this, or any other inſtance. I queſtion not but your Tranſlation will enrich our Tongue and do honour to our Country; for I conclude of it already from thoſe performances with which you have oblig'd the publick. I

* This relates to the Paper occaſion'd by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd, Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.

† The Tranſlation of the Iliad.

would only have you conſider how it may moſt turn to your advantage: Excuſe my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your eaſe and happineſs. The work would coſt you a great deal of Time, and unleſs you undertake it, will I am afraid never be executed by any other; at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to it beſides your ſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country buſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I might hope to ſee you here ſome time, and will not deſpair of it, when you engage in a work that will require ſolitude and retirement. I am your, &c.

LETTER LVII.

From Mr. ADDISON.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have receiv'd your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid ſo good a ſcheme for your great undertaking. I queſtion not but the Proſe will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give your ſelf ſome relief, and more pleaſure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in adviſing you not to content your ſelf with one half of the Nation for your Admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together, in an unreſerved converſation, and that we may do ſo many more, is the ſincere wiſh of your, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

YOur laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſome little nicеties in my conduct, which your candor and affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (ſo trivial as things of this nature ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleaſes. 'Tis a ſort of Tax that attends an eſtate in Parnaſſus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thank'd for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very perſons who firſt debauched him. Yet to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way diſpleaſed that I have offended the Violent of all parties already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me or are diſſatisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter my ſelf, that you know me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never to be miſtaken in either, ſo 'tis a pleaſure to me that you gueſs'd ſo right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am ſorry to find it has taken air that I have ſome hand in thoſe papers, becauſe I write ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch a report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it with others. An honeſt Jacobite ſpoke to me the ſenſe or nonſenſe of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me that I writ with Steele, tho' upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects. This I know you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and perſons of ſower diſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. I confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reaſon in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to paſs that the few Guardians I have written are ſo generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never diſcovered to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: yet almoſt every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more Politick turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the reſt of his politicks. Tho' 'tis ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But I aſſure you, as to my ſelf, I have quite done with 'em for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent, but (as old Dryden ſaid before me) 'tis not the violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas, and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great, that is honeſt principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming calumny and miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIX.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce

nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, tho' never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented: It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote or perhaps talk'd to another. I truſt your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Ev'ry hour of my life, my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt Abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of Creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the Aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles grovelling with T* in the very centre of nonſenſe: Now I am recreated with the briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele in his livelieſt and freeſt humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of Grammar of C* and D*.

Good god! What an incongruous animal is man? how unſettled in his beſt part, his ſoul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the conſtancy of the one ſhook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What is he altogether, but one mighty inconſiſtency! ſickneſs and pain are the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when all our ſpace is but a point? What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little inſtant of our life, which (as Shakeſpear finely words it) is *rounded with a ſleep?* Our whole

extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four hours (as the naturaliſts tell us) are yet as long-lived, and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, within his life of ſome minutes? and of how much leſs conſideration than even this, is the life of man in the ſight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but muſt ſee the world and its contemptible grandeurs leſſen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain ſtupify'd, in a poize of inaction, void of all deſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect our ſelves: our paſſions, our intereſts, flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals. For my part I never return ſo much into my ſelf as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for my own inſignificancy. I am your, &c.

LETTER LX.

Jan. 30, 1713-4.

YOur letter found me very buſy in my grand undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give my ſelf up for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to pleaſe my ſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable proſpect to be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campagne above half over before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the Greek fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to flatter my ſelf, that Homer ſecretly ſeems inclined to a correſpondence with me, in letting me into a good

part of his intentions. There are indeed, a ſort of underling Auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, call'd Commentators and Critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs under pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves have digged, encompaſſed with dirt of their own heaping up; but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by uſing the poetical engines, Wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I ſhall be paid, and are ſollicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many diſcarded Generals, to be firſt envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and laſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for I know ſome critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this Author in the Miſcellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way; ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig, becauſe I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs his friendſhip, and of late with my lord Halifax's Patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be formed by any good-natured man, that a perſon who has been well us'd by all ſides, has been offenſive to none? This miſerable age is ſo ſunk between animoſities of Party and thoſe of Religion, that I begin to fear, moſt men have Politicks enough to make (thro' violence) the beſt Scheme of government a bad one, and Belief enough to hinder their own ſalvation. I hope for my own part never to have more of either than is conſiſtent with common Juſtice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Chriſtian and

honeſt man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papiſt here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being ſo too much or too little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſtakes, and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer for it. God is my witneſs that I no more envy you Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I do our Prieſts their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both ſides; for I know that one virtue of a Free Spirit is more worth, than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-ſoul'd people in the world. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Mr. JERVAS to *Mr.* POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleaſes me ſo much that you muſt expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in ſuſpence for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr. Addiſon and I have had a converſation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainſcot (or behind ſome half-length picture) to have heard. He aſſured me, that he would make uſe not only of his Intereſt, but of his Art, to do you ſome ſervice: He did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is ſenſible that nothing can have a better Air for himſelf, than moving in your favour; eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread, that he did not care you ſhou'd proſper too much as a Poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault, if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, &c. He owns he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carry'd you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animoſity; but now all is ſafe, and you are eſcaped, even in his opinion. I promiſed in your name, like a

good godfather, not that you ſhould renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own ſake; therefore prepare your ſelf for ſome civilities.

I have done Homer's head, ſhadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I incloſe the out-line of the ſame ſize, that you may determine whether you would have it ſo large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the ſquare of the Buſto? Perhaps there is ſomething more ſolemn in the image itſelf, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been inſtrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addiſon together, with all ſincerity, I value my ſelf upon it, as an acceptable piece of ſervice to ſuch a one as I know you to be. I am, &c.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. POPE'S *Anſwer.*

Aug. 27, 1714.

I Am juſt arriv'd from Oxford, very well diverted and entertain'd there — all much concern'd for the Queen's death: No panegyricks ready yet for the King.

I admire your Whig-principles of reſiſtance exceedingly, in the ſpirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wiſh for them. Mr. Addiſon's Verſes on Liberty, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddeſs heavenly bright*, &c.

What you mention'd of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addiſon and me, deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my power: You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which was uſed by Philips, to make a man I ſo highly value ſuſpect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addiſon muſt be

the judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeem'd to be no very juſt one to me; ſo I muſt own to you I expect nothing but Civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip. And as for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice, which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſham'd to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a Party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a Poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow depths of thoſe half-witted creatures who miſinform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore aſhamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip, whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that paſs'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reſerve) of our correſpondence: The engagements I had to him were ſuch, as the actual ſervices he had done me in relation to the ſubſcription for Homer obliged me to. I muſt have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ſerves me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to any party. Nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardſhip of asking this leave, which is the greateſt obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party, than the ſame liberty. — A curſe on the word Party, which I have been forced to uſe ſo often in this period! I wiſh the preſent Reign may put an end to the diſtinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honeſt and knave, fool and man of ſenſe: Theſe two ſorts muſt always be enemies; but for the reſt, may all people do as you and I do, believe what they pleaſe, and be friends. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

October 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleaſed to ſpeak of me in a manner which nothing but the real reſpect I have for you can deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolencies have loſt their effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has ſo little intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Methinks no man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of one who deſires no real ſervice. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got by the Tories, that is to ſay, civility; being neither ſo proud as to be inſenſible of any good office, nor ſo humble as not to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value my ſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you; for (to ſay the truth) all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould be under the neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the author of Cato can ſpeak one thing, and think another. As a proof that I account you ſincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would look over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of Homer, which are now in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of my Poetical Work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I repoſe in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice; and yet expect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ſame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ones.

I have a farther requeſt which I muſt preſs with ſome earneſtneſs. My bookſeller is reprinting the Eſſay on Criticiſm, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of N° 253. The period in that paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted ſome "ſtrokes of ill nature into that Eſſay," is the only one I could wiſh omitted of all you have written: But I would not deſire it ſhould be ſo, unleſs I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and you may be aſſur'd, they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon the proofs of ſincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame Spectator, which I wiſh you would alter. It is, where you mention an obſervation upon Homer's verſes of Syſiphus's ſtone, as * never having been made before by any of the Critics: I happen'd to find the ſame in Dyoniſius of Halicarnaſſus's treatiſe, περὶ Συνθέσεως Ονομάτων, who treats very largely upon theſe verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften your expreſſion, when you ſee the paſſage; which you muſt needs have read, tho' it be ſince ſlipt out of your memory. I am, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

To the Earl of HALIFAX.

My LORD, *Dec.* 1, 1714.

I Am oblig'd to you, both for the favours you have done me, and for thoſe you intend me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troubleſome or ſollicitous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really

* Theſe Words are ſince left out in Mr. Tickell's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addiſon's life.

all the difference I ſet between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is, indeed, a high ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of making me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is becauſe you think me no enemy to my native Country, there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be very much (as I ſincerely am) My Lord, &c.

LETTER LXV.

To the Honourable ..... *June* 8, 1714.

THE queſtion you ask in relation to Mr. Addiſon and Philips, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Mr. Philips did expreſs himſelf with much indignation againſt me one evening at Button's Coffee-houſe (as I was told) ſaying, that I was enter'd into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write againſt the Whig-Intereſt, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steel and Addiſon: but never open'd his lips to my face, on this or any like occaſion, tho' I was almoſt every night in the ſame room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. Addiſon came to me a night or two after Philips had talk'd in this idle manner, and aſſur'd me of his diſbelief of what had been ſaid, of the friendſhip we ſhou'd always maintain, and deſir'd I would ſay nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to ſtir in this matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral people to obviate a falſe aſperſion, which might have done me no ſmall prejudice with one party. However Mr. Philips did all he could, ſecretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the ſubſcriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with ſuch a man) I wou'd not ask him for this money, but

commiſſion'd one of the Players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the ſecret grounds of Philips's malignity, they will make a very pleaſant hiſtory when we meet. Mr. Congreve and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the ſubject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Paſtorals. The ingenious author is extreamly your ſervant, and would have comply'd with your kind invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his Embaſſy to Hanover.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which I am ſure you will always defend your friend in his abſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I ſhall never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble defenders, and in ſuch contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they would injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am. Your, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which Philips ſaid in his fooliſhneſs: but I can't tell from any thing in your letter, whether you receiv'd a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launch'd into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you pray'd for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other friends, who never talk

of praying for a man after they have done him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human ſciences, which I aſſure you I am daily more convinc'd of; and indeed I have for ſome years paſt, look'd upon all of 'em as no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at ev'ry little diſappointment here, and even in caſe of no diſappointments here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: for thoſe hate not more to be excell'd, than theſe to be rival'd: and at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, to reflect that you have been doing nothing for your ſelf, and that the ſame or leſs induſtry might have gain'd you a friendſhip that can never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction which praiſe cannot beſtow, nor vanity feel, and a glory which (tho' in one reſpect like fame, not to be had 'till after death) yet ſhall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams impreſſed upon the imagination: Our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy images and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturb'd with the fumes, of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave this world makes me willing to leave poetry, long-habit, and wearineſs of the ſame track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make one old in rhime; and I ſhould be ſorry and aſhamed, to go on jingling to

the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my bells to the next ſilly animal that will be proud of 'em. That man makes a mean figure in the eye of reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables and coupling rhimes, when he ſhould be mending his own ſoul and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXVII.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon Homer, whom I almoſt fear I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is in his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with headachs that very much affect my ſight; and indeed ſince my coming hither I have ſcarce paſt an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other accounts but his due ſenſe of it. Yet let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a task you undertake when you profeſs your ſelf my friend; there are ſome Tories who will take you for a Whig, ſome Whigs who will take you for a Tory, ſome Proteſtants who will eſteem you a rank Papiſt, and ſome Papiſts who will account you a Heretick.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrain'd, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong.

I really wiſh all men ſo well, that I am ſatisfied but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the beſt people I know. While you believe me what I profeſs as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may ſay: while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily bear that the moſt violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of publick perſecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being look'd upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally, as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State or ruin the publick. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obſtinacy, and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has receiv'd any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them only becauſe they ſucceed. — Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere Fine for their fame, which it is always in the pow'r of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices which are numberleſs. Homer advances ſo faſt, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author,

——— *Picture in the front,*
With bays and wicked ryme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of Poetry, for it takes me up ſo intirely that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My Reverie has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think my ſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extreamly to ſee you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briſeis.

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe I am pretty ſure there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantick friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, pro-

ceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have liv'd to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips; and am perfectly convinc'd of the truth of a maxim we once conſented in, that nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of people who live together, but meer Vanity; a ſecret inſiſting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward expectation of ſuch an overmeaſure of deference and regard as anſwers to their own extravagant falſe ſcale; and which no body can pay, becauſe none but themſelves can tell exactly to what a pitch it amounts? I am, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

To the Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq;*

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to aſſure you of the continuance of that eſteem and affection I have long born you, and the memory of ſo many agreeable converſations as we have paſs'd together. I wiſh it were a compliment to ſay, ſuch converſations as are not to be found on this ſide of the water: for the ſpirit of diſſention is gone forth among us; nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hoſpitality, ſociety, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politicks as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine ſenſe, refin'd ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe; but for uſe and happineſs, give me a little common ſenſe. I ſay this in regard to ſome gentlemen, profeſs'd Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of conſequence at this time of day, in the midſt of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the buſy part of the nation is not more divided about Whig and Tory, than theſe idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T* s and my tranſlation. I (like the To-

Tickel's

ties) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my ſide; but 'tis uſual with the ſmaller party to make up in induſtry what they want in number, and that's the caſe with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well conſider'd, I muſt appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I tranſlated Homer for the publick in general, he to gratify the inordinate deſires of one Man only. We have it ſeems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his Mutes too, a ſett of nodders, winkers, and whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs is to ſtrangle all other offſpring of wit in their birth. The new tranſlator of Homer is the humbleſt ſlave he has, that is to ſay, his firſt Miniſter; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his abſolute Lord; I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and maſters; and if they are not inclin'd to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceedings from the ſmall Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have ſaid of this great man, there is no rupture between us: We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to to be reſpected, tho' we know he watches any occaſion to oppreſs us.

When I talk of Homer, I muſt not forget the early preſent you made me of Monſieur de la Motte's book. I can't conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news which affects our very entrails, L * is dead, and ſoupes are no more! You ſee I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the miniſter "but to the friend." However it is ſome mark of regard to the Miniſter, that I ſteal an expreſſion from a Secretary of State. I am, &c.

LETTERS

TO and FROM

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, &c.

From 1705 to 1714.

LETTER LXX.

* *Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

SIR, *Oct.* 19, 1705.

I Return you the Book you were pleas'd to ſend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves my particular acknowledgment; for next to the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in thoſe Poems, not only becauſe they were Milton's, † or were approved by Sir Hen. Wootton, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as your ſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, where-

* Secretary of State to King William the Third.
† L' Allegro, il Penſeroſo, Lycidas, and the Maſque of Comus.

in wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a ſtile of compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

April 9, 1708.

I Have this moment receiv'd the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe, (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferr'd the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventur'd to give you, rather in compliance with your deſires than that I could think it reaſonable. For I am not yet ſatisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practic'd in the art. There may poſſibly be ſome happy genius's, who may judge of ſome of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: but this, tho' it may ſometimes be in the right, muſt be ſubject to many miſtakes, and is certainly but a ſuperficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole compoſure, in all the parts of it.

Beſides my want of skill, I have another reaſon why I ought to

ſuſpect my ſelf, by reaſon of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much biaſs to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But after all, I muſt ſay (and I do it with an old-faſhion'd ſincerity) that I entirely approve of your tranſlation of thoſe pieces of Homer, both as to the verſification and the true ſenſe that ſhines thro' the whole: Nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occaſion, that you wou'd proceed in tranſlating that incomparable Poet, to make him ſpeak good Engliſh, to dreſs his admirable characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſive conceptions, and to make his works as uſeful and inſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at *Præneſte*: *Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, &c. I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confeſs I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter I entreat you to ſend this preſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my Nephew B's obſervations, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had not time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endeavor'd very faithfully (tho' he told me very haſtily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ſhou'd hinder you from publiſhing this Eſſay, I ſhall only be ſorry that I have no more credit with you, to perſuade you to oblige the publick, and very particularly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a haſty ſcribble ſhows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in ſtuddied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as faſt as I can, that I have receiv'd your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of The Rape of the Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an Engliſh Man to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf in his Lutrin, out-done in your Poem: for you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of Parties) muſt and do univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and beg of you earneſtly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery it is for you to be deſtroy'd by the fooliſh kindneſs ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn your buſineſs is done; therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own ſake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. ——— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am Your, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THough any thing you write is ſure to be a pleaſure to me, yet I muſt own your laſt letter made me uneaſy: you really uſe a ſtyle of compliment, which I expect as little as I deſerve it. I know 'tis a common opinion that a young ſcribler is as ill pleas'd to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one ſets up for an author, one muſt be treated as ceremoniouſly, that is as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity which firſt makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I muſt grant it is a juſt judgment upon poets, that they whoſe chief pretence is Wit, ſhou'd be treated as they themſelves treat fools, that is, be cajoll'd with praiſes. And I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to ſay this, as if the obliging letter you ſent me deſerv'd this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæſar ſaid of his wife: "It was not ſufficient that he knew her to be chaſt himſelf, "but ſhe ſhou'd not be ſo much as ſuſpected.

As to the wonderful diſcoveries, and all the good news you are pleas'd to tell me of my ſelf; I treat it, as you who are in the ſecret treat common news, as groundleſs reports of things at a diſtance; which I who look into the true ſprings of the affair, in my own breaſt, know to have no foundation at all. For Fame, tho' it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the laſt infirmity of noble minds*, is ſcarce ſo ſtrong a temptation as to warrant our loſs of time here;

it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed, (as ſome of the Ancients are ſaid to have done with that thought.) You Sir have your ſelf taught me, that an eaſy ſituation at that hour, can proceed from no ambition leſs noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the ſtrongeſt endeavours of the wit, but may be gain'd by the ſincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, ſo in this, the only ſolid bleſſings are owing to the goodneſs of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendſhip here is an emanation from the ſame ſource as beatitude there: the ſame benevolence and grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmoſt point of my deſires in my preſent ſtate terminates in the ſociety and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earneſt and fore-taſte of the ſociety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſet ſome value upon my ſelf as a part of your care. The inſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

LETTER LXXIV.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, "When the winds "riſe, worſhip the Eccho." A modern writer explains this to ſignify, "When popular tumults begin, retire to ſoli- "tudes, or ſuch places where Eccho's are commonly found, rocks, "woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it ſhould be interpreted, "When rumours increaſe, and when there is abundance of noiſe "and clamour, believe the ſecond report:" This I think agrees more exactly with the eccho, and is the more natural application of the ſymbol. However it be, either of theſe precepts is ex-

treamly proper to be followed at this ſeaſon; and I cannot but applaud your reſolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the foreſt, this winter; and preferring the noiſe of breaking ice to that of breaking ſtateſmen, the rage of ſtorms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempeſts, to the precipitancy of ſome, and the ruin of others, which I fear will be our daily proſpects in London.

I ſincerely wiſh my ſelf with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madneſs of man on the earth. But I never had ſo much cauſe as now to complain of my poetical ſtar, that fixes me at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rymes and the meaſuring of ſyllables: to be almoſt the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the Poet in Petronius, who while all the reſt in the ſhip were either labouring or praying for life, was ſcratching his head in a little room, to write a fine deſcription of the tempeſt.

You tell me, you like the ſound of no arms but thoſe of Achilles: for my part I like them as little as any other arms. I liſted my ſelf in the battles of Homer, and I am no ſooner in war, but like moſt other folks, I wiſh my ſelf out again.

I heartily join with you in wiſhing Quiet to our native country: Quiet in the ſtate, which like Charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happineſs of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or proſpect whatſoever. Fire and ſword, and fire and faggot, are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppoſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it ſo great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

I ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholick health, which far excels the poor narrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths now in faſhion, to this church, or that church. Whatever our teachers may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to wiſh generouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions, but whenever I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and affections of your, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-6.

I Should be aſham'd of my long idleneſs, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Eccho, and your moſt ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults; which I own to be very uſeful: and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep my ſelf to a ſhort receipt of the ſame Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I ſhall obſerve, if not the whole time of his diſcipline, yet at leaſt till your return into this country. I am oblig'd further to this method, by the moſt ſevere weather I ever felt; when tho' I keep as near by the fire ſide as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis:* and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be ſtop'd. I have further great loſſes (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen — *Intereunt pecudes, ſtant circumfuſa pruinis Corpora magna boum,* &c.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your ſecond volume of Homer is not frozen; for it muſt be expreſs'd very poetically to ſay now, that the preſſes ſweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occaſion of my being oblig'd to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly ſent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on Antonius Primus.* This has been applauded ſo much, that I am

* Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.

† *At length my Friend (while Time with ſtill career*
Waſts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his paſt days ſafe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the ſtrict ſurvey
Finds not one moment he cou'd wiſh away,
Pleas'd with the ſeries of each happy day.
Such, ſuch a man extends his life's ſhort ſpace,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The preſent well, and ev'n the paſt enjoy.

in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat, (pray deſire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat) provided you will further increaſe my ſtock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my eſtate, and as honeſtly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have conceal'd the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child, or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are ſo frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mrs. B.

Madam, 1715.

YOU have ask'd me news a hundred times at the firſt word you ſpoke to me, which ſome would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly 'tis not a ſign two lovers are together, when they can be ſo impertinent as to enquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to gueſs which of the two is that ſtupid and inſenſible creature, ſo blind to the other's excellencies and charms.

This then ſhall be a letter of News; and ſure if you did not think me the humbleſt creature in the world, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved ſo bravely, that in this act at leaſt he might ſeem above Man, if he had not juſt now voided a ſtone to prove him ſubject to human infirmities. The utmoſt weight of affliction from miniſterial power and popular hatred, were almoſt worth bearing, for the glory of ſuch a dauntleſs conduct as he has ſhewn under it.

You may ſoon have your wiſh, to enjoy the gallant ſights of armies, incampments, ſtandards waving over your brother's cornfields, and the pretty windings of the Thames ſtained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard ſo long exclaim'd againſt in town and country, may have its fill of deſtruction. I would not add one circumſtance uſual in all deſcriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed or to be committed upon thoſe unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me — in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your ſake and ſome others, whom I have cauſe to fear no fair means will prevail upon.

Thoſe eyes that care not how much miſchief is done, or how great ſlaughter committed, ſo they have but a fine ſhow; thoſe very-female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is ſpeedily to be form'd in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments, new cloths, new furniture: the ſight of ſo many gallant fellows, in all the pomp and glare of war yet undeform'd by battles, thoſe ſcenes which England has for many years only beheld on ſtages, may poſſibly invite your curioſity to this place.

By our lateſt accounts, the converſion of T. G. Eſq; is reported in a manner ſomewhat more particular: That upon the ſeizure of his Flanders-mares, he ſeem'd more than ordinarily diſturb'd for ſome hours, ſent for his ghoſtly father, and reſolv'd to bear his loſs like a chriſtian; till about the hours of ſeven or eight the coaches and horſes of ſeveral of the Nobility paſſing by his window towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the diſappointment, but inſtantly went out, took the oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear horſes, which carry'd him in triumph to the Ring. The poor diſtreſſed Roman Catholicks, now un-hors'd and un-charioted, cry out with the Pſalmiſt, "ſome in chariots "and ſome in horſes, but we will invocate the name of the Lord."

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.

Madam, 1715.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this ſeaſon; when every ſmile of the ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am ſo much in the taſte of rural pleaſures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he can ſhew me, except your ſelf. I deſpiſe every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I ſee you dreſs'd in it (which by the way I don't like the better for the red; the leaves I think are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the ſun is but a ſhadow; for I doubt not but God's works here, are what comes neareſt to his works there; and that a true reliſh of the beauties of nature is the moſt eaſy preparation and gentleſt tranſition to an enjoyment of thoſe of heaven; as on the contrary a true town life of hurry, confuſion, noiſe, ſlander, and diſſenſion, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to hell and its furies. I'm endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to receive that ſtroke which I believe is coming upon me, and have fully reſign'd my ſelf to yield to it. The ſeparation of my ſoul and body is what I could think of with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes it ſhall be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think without tears of being ſeparated from my friends, when their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may want even ſuch aſſiſtance as mine. Sure it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we lov'd or purſu'd here: for elſe what a torment would it be to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is quite divided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a more exalted life, all that we eſteemed in this imperfect ſtate will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I'm ſenſible would

throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to ſhow this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not your ſelf be quite a ſtranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wiſh your life may be ſo long and ſo happy, as never to let you think *quite ſo far* as I am now led to do; but to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier and the eaſier at all times.

There are no pleaſures or amuſements that I don't wiſh you, and therefore 'tis no ſmall grief to me that I ſhall for the future be leſs able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worſt, whatever ſhe makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never makes us loſe our honeſty and our independence; I deſpiſe from my heart whoever parts with the firſt, and I pity from my ſoul whoever quits the latter.

I am griev'd at Mr. G*'s condition in this laſt reſpect of dependence. He has Merit, Goodnature, and Integrity, three qualities that I fear are too often loſt upon great men; or at leaſt are not all three a match for that one which is oppos'd to them, Flattery. I wiſh it may not ſoon or late diſplace him from the favour he now poſſeſſes, and ſeems to like. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Madam,

NOthing could have more of that melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt day's journey; for after having paſs'd through my favourite woods in the foreſt, with a thouſand reveries of paſt pleaſures, I rid over hanging hills, whoſe tops were edged with groves, and whoſe feet water'd with winding rivers, liſtning to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: The gloomy verdure of Stonor ſucceeded to theſe; and then the ſhades of the evening overtook me. The moon roſe in the cleareſt ſky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſo-

lemn light I paced on ſlowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college anſwer'd one another, and ſounded forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome a ſofter tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led ſince, among thoſe old walls, venerable galleries, ſtone portico's, ſtudious walks, and ſolitary ſcenes of the Univerſity. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a ſalary, to be as meer a bookworm as any there. I conform'd my ſelf to the college hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the moſt ancient, dusky parts of the Univerſity, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the deſart. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity; ſuch as even thoſe good men us'd to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extoll'd their piety and abſtraction. For I found my ſelf receiv'd with a ſort of reſpect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own ſpecies; who are as conſiderable here, as the buſy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a manner, that I could not but ſometimes ask my ſelf in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and from ſeeing my ſelf ſeated with dignity on the moſt conſpicuous ſhelves of a library, put my ſelf into the abject poſture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's ſquare.

I will not deny, but that like Alexander, in the midſt of my glory I am wounded, and find my ſelf a meer man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpoſe, ſince neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and ſuck the poiſon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H*'s, I ſee a creature nearer an angel than a woman, (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel;) ſhe is a relation of his lordſhip's, and he gravely propos'd her to me for a wife; being tender of her intereſts, and knowing (what is a

ſhame to providence) that ſhe is leſs indebted to fortune than I. I told him 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſee both her and my ſelf.

I muſt not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmoſt in the affair you deſire. It would be an inexpreſſible joy to me if I could ſerve you, and I will always do all I can to give my ſelf pleaſure. I wiſh as well for you as for my ſelf; I am in love with you much as I am with my ſelf, for I find my ſelf moſt ſo with either, when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

LETTER LXXIX.

THE chief cauſe I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your ſiſter's ſtate of health. I really expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffer'd alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touch'd at this than I; nor any danger of any I love cou'd affect me with more uneaſineſs. I have felt ſome weakneſſes of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people ſo rightly plac'd, as to perceive them on this occaſion.

I cannot be ſo good a chriſtian as to be willing to reſign my own happineſs here, for her's in another life. I do more than wiſh for her ſafety, for every wiſh I make I find immediately chang'd into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps her ſelf may deſire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wiſh: May her beauty be as great as poſſible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a mercileſs diſtemper may commit, I

dare promiſe her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of viſits and complements dare to do; ſhe ſhall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me ſo more than ever, ſince I have been a witneſs to the generous tenderneſs you have ſhewn upon this occaſion. Your, &c.

LETTER LXXX.

Madam,

I Am not at all concern'd to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives you his heart; and true friends wou'd rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world. They who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you, by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit, I am ſure I want; at leaſt in the degree that I ſee others have it, who wou'd at all ſeaſons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to my ſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends. I wou'd cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love only my ſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagin'd my company cou'd have every day pleas'd you, I ſhou'd ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes cou'd I gladly have left unfiniſh'd, and turn'd into it, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs

all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, Fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of, than your Friendſhip; for that I hope will laſt all my life, the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhou'd both grow greater after my death? alas! they wou'd both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR *on her Marriage.*

YOU are by this time ſatisfy'd how much the tenderneſs of one man of merit is to be preferr'd to the addreſſes of a thouſand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, how great is the joy of having all thoſe charms and good qualities which has pleas'd ſo many, now apply'd to pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame virtues which gave you reputation, ſhould give you happineſs; and I can wiſh you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree your ſelf, as ſo much good humour muſt infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet, ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this occaſion: But I am really more a well-wiſher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine Lady; ſuch as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at laſt, as the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever deſired to hear (whatever others may have ſpoken to you) I mean Truth; and it is with the utmoſt that I aſſure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more ſincerely delighted with the proſpect of your future happineſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a

long continuance of it. I beg you will think it but juſt, that a man who will certainly be ſpoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happineſs to be eſteemed, while he is living, Your, &c.

LETTER LXXXII.

To the Honourable Mrs. .....

ALL the pleaſure or uſe of familiar letters, is to give us the aſſurance of a friend's welfare; at leaſt 'tis all I know, who am a mortal enemy and deſpiſer of what they call fine letters. In this view I promiſe you, it will always be a ſatisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; becauſe I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many people make only a ſubject to diſplay their fine ſentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be ſaid, till ſomething may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your ſtyle: 'tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I wou'd not give a farthing for ſuch letters, unleſs I were to ſell 'em to be printed. Methinks I have loſt the Mrs. L * I formerly knew, who writ and talk'd like other people, (and ſometimes better.) You muſt allow me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible word in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtyle of wit and abomination. To ſhew you how very unſatisfactorily you write, in all your letter you've never told me how you do? Indeed I ſee 'twas abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continu'd to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to ſay, Kindneſs, which I never fail'd (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want, I am not much concern'd, becauſe judgment is a better

thing; and if I had, I wou'd make uſe of it rather to play upon thoſe I deſpis'd, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee in ſhort, after what manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loſs about that article. As I have open'd my mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr H * who will ſee by it what manner of letters he muſt expect if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his ſervant to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhou'd have nothing but honeſt plain how d'ye's and pray remember me's; which not being fit to be ſhown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for our ſelves, in meer friendlyneſs; as doth, God is my witneſs, Your very, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-5.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion, I have got (I can't tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing my ſelf out upon paper without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not: the cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in diſcovering its own faults at firſt view; as when a ſtream ſhows the dirt at its bottom, it ſhows alſo the tranſparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſioned however, by any thing an abuſive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroick manner of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envy'd and cenſured by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in ſometimes neglecting as I do, to reply to your letters ſo ſoon as I ought. Thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo by the very tryal of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo arrant an Author as even to deſire, that if I am in the wrong all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleaſed with a ſaying of Monſieur Tourreil: "When a man writes, he ought to animate himſelf with the "thoughts of pleaſing all the world: but he is to renounce that "deſire or hope, the very moment the book goes out of his "hands.

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yeſterday, having paſt a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke: I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. M*, whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from the preſent adminiſtration: for few people (I think) but I, pay reſpects to great men without any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a Papiſt and a Poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me: But I can tell you 'tis to no purpoſe, for without the *Opes*, *æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.*

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extreamly oblig'd to you for taking notice of a poor old diſtreſſed courtier, commonly the moſt deſpiſeable thing in

the world. This blow has ſo rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his ſenſes, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolickſome and gay he is turn'd grave and moroſe. His lucubrations lye neglected amongſt old news-papers, caſes, petitions, and abundance of unanſwerable letters. I wiſh to God they had been amongſt the papers of a noble Lord ſealed up. Then might Scriblerus have paſs'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a moſt excellent and laborious work for the Flying Poſt or ſome ſuch author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out myſteries ſomewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the ſecond door on the left hand in Dover-ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half pint of claret. It is with ſome pleaſure that he contemplates the world ſtill buſy, and all mankind at work for him. I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries. I will add no more, being in haſt, only that I will never forgive you if you don't uſe my foreſaid houſe in Dover-ſtreet with the ſame freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendſhip was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, ſo I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongſt the number of your friends and humble ſervants.

LETTERS

TO and FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq; &c.

From 1714 to 1725.

LETTER LXXXV.

Aug. 27, 1714.

WHatever ſtudies on the one hand, or amuſements on the other, it ſhall be my fortune to fall into, I ſhall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of 'em. The task I undertook *, tho' of weight enough in itſelf, has had a voluntary increaſe by the inlarging my deſign of the Notes; and the neceſſity of conſulting a number of books has carry'd me to Oxford: but I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I ſhall be more converſant with the pleaſures and company of the place, than with the books and manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of old Greece, ſince I look'd upon two or three more noted names in the publick libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the engra-

* The Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad.

ver will prejudice me in a few ſituations. I have been forc'd to write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, that were my epiſtle intercepted, it would raiſe no ſmall admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce an order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſuch and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch and ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, and raze another in another country. I have ſet bounds to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, thus far ſhalt thou advance, and no further *. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of loſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of a country Juſtice. To diſarm me indeed may be but prudential, conſidering what Armies I have at preſent on foot, and in my ſervice: a hundred thouſand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thouſand Prieſts; and they ſeem proper forces to ſend againſt thoſe in Barcelona. That ſiege deſerves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juſter in it, as they ſay the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their aſſiſtance. May I venture to ſay who am a Papiſt, and ſay to you who are a Papiſt, that nothing is more aſtoniſhing to me, than that people ſo greatly warm'd with a ſenſe of Liberty, ſhould be capable of harbouring ſuch weak ſuperſtition, and that ſo much bravery and ſo much folly can inhabit the ſame breaſts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, mov'd by the common curioſity of mankind, who leave their own buſineſs to be looking upon other mens. I thank God that as for my ſelf, I am below all the accidents of ſtate-changes by my circumſtances, and above them by my philoſophy. Common charity of man to man, and univerſal good will to all, are the points I have moſt at heart; and I am ſure thoſe are not to be broken, for the ſake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the beſt, and what I more wiſh than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the Diviſions of Whig and Tory, that the parties

* This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his obſervations on the ſecond Iliad.

may love each other as well as I love them both, or at leaſt hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we ſhall certainly let theirs; that is to ſay, that want of power itſelf in us may not be a ſurer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am ſure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the ſpirit of one Roman Catholick that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholicks; and if all Roman Catholicks had always had that ſpirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charg'd with ſo wicked a ſpirit as that of Perſecution.

I agree with you in my ſentiments of the ſtate of our nation ſince this change: I find my ſelf juſt in the ſame ſituation of mind you deſcribe as your own, heartily wiſhing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy diviſions of mankind by party-ſpirit, which at beſt is but the madneſs of many for the gain of a few. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee your letter, dear Sir, written in a ſtile that ſhows you full of health, and in the midſt of diverſions: I think thoſe two things neceſſary to a man who has ſuch undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking ſo much pains about the ſituation of his Hero's kingdoms; it will not only be of great uſe with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek Hiſtorians; who generally are ill underſtood thro' the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to ſet us right; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly ſee you engroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to pleaſe without their leave; and Zealots will ſhrug up their ſhoulders at a man, that pretends to get to Heaven out of their form, dreſs, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin ſuch a word) I fancy you would find a juſter parallel than it ſeems at firſt ſight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery: and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wiſe reſult of their council, where after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about reſtoring Helen, Priam ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſtition in ſacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum Religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politicks, ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteady a diſpoſition of mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, with the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoycing for an illuſtrious King. My views carry me no farther, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politicks teach me to leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me who ſit at the helm, provided they will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us poor Papiſts; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in our ſelves as

we can, that we may be truly great. Among my Ambitions, that of being a ſincere friend is one of the chief; yet I will confeſs that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome of my deſcendants know, that their Anceſtor was great with Mr. Pope. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure, and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turn'd to preſerve peace and quiet among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been open'd in the North? what ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble our ſelves about politicks, but when any matter happen'd to fall into our diſcourſe, we us'd to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the diſturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity: how many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends

welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the Eccho at your eaſe; indeed we are forc'd to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore are oblig'd to liſten to the ſecond; which for ſecurity ſake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto, to be like him engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both: I find my ſelf very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which I am perſuaded brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner and with all ſincerity your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I Know of nothing that will be ſo intereſting to you at preſent, as ſome circumſtances of the laſt act of that eminent comick poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as ſoon as his life was deſpair'd of: Accordingly a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony; and join'd together thoſe two ſacraments which wiſe men ſay ſhould be the laſt we receive; for if you obſerve, matrimony is plac'd after extreme unction in our catechiſm, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, ſatisfy'd in the conſcience of having by this one act paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and ſhewn an heroick reſentment of the ill uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he

had with the lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, "it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour: Mr. Wycherley shew'd his, even in this last compliment; tho' I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd my self to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments: At least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be apply'd to him as a play-wright.

——— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

February 10, 1715-16.

I Am just return'd from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and pass'd a week in the Forest. I need not

tell you how much a man of his turn entertain'd me; but I muſt acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which make it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by moon-ſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe ſatisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the company of ſeparate ſpirits, when we ſhall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of nature; for the happineſs of minds can ſurely be nothing but knowledge.

The higheſt gratification we receive here from company is Mirth, which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhameful art of loſing time. What we here call ſcience and ſtudy, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we appiy our ſelves are meer groping in the dark; and even the ſearch of our moſt important concerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can, what without all this ſollicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the caſe of futurity. 'Tis not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the ſtate of ſouls ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own ſtate happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high ſcience, Divinity, you will be ſo civil as to imagine I lay no mighty ſtreſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other uſe, than horſes of the bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toſs their heads as if they were proud of 'em) only to jogg on, a little more merrily.

Your obſervations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for opinions like theſe which I diſcover'd in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and I believe not leſs to your ſatisfaction: for if I know you right, your pleaſure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politicks or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have ſenſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not conſtrued Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verſe which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the Roman Catholic Religion, tho' Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty ſure you and I ſhould no more make good Inquiſitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualify'd for Lictors to Procruſtes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly ſaid; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any Prieſt can ſave him without it. I am, &c.

LETTER XC.

March 20, 1715-16.

I Find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to ſpeaking, but to writing too: the more time we give our ſelves to think

over one's own or a friend's unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter, at ſuch a ſeaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy viſit to a perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of ſorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced gayeties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things ſacred; to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being ſpirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praiſed into an opinion of its own virtue. 'Tis enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and men ſhould know, that the noble power of ſuffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemiſh'd conſcience and inflexible reſolution are above an accidental flow of ſpirits, or a ſudden tide of blood. If the whole religious buſineſs of mankind be included in reſignation to our maker, and charity to our fellow creatures; there are now ſome people who give us as good an opportunity of practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an inſtance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppreſt, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: for the greateſt power on earth can no ſooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating conſolations in a calamity of ſo much glory, one might ſay that to be ruin'd thus in the groſs, with a whole people, is but like periſhing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks the moſt heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppreſt as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet more oppreſt. If there are too many who cannot be aſſiſted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counſel, by our countenance, and even by our chearfulneſs. The misfortunes of private families, the miſunderſtandings of people whom diſtreſſes

make ſuſpicious, the coldneſſes of relations whom change of religion may diſunite, or the neceſſities of half-ruin'd eſtates render unkind to each other; theſe at leaſt may be ſoften'd in ſome degree, by a general well-manag'd humanity among our ſelves; if all thoſe who have your principles of belief, had alſo your ſenſe and conduct. But indeed moſt of 'em have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want ſenſe, are only religious thro' weakneſs, and good-natur'd thro' ſhame. Theſe are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in eſſentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſſed, conſcientious French refugee at this inſtant: what muſt my concern then be, when I perceive ſo many anxieties now tearing thoſe hearts, which I have deſired a place in, and clouds of melancholy riſing on thoſe faces, which I have long look'd upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and what others are yet too ſtupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for ſo many additional inconveniencies and chagrins, more than their ſmall remain of life ſeem'd deſtin'd to undergo; and with the young, for ſo many of thoſe gayeties and pleaſures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be depriv'd of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the widow and fatherleſs, late of.... As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer ſenſe of others misfortunes, or a more generous reſignation as to what might be their own, ſo I earneſtly wiſh that whatever part they muſt bear, may be render'd as ſupportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that's good, or generous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I have ſeen) that their eaſe and tranquility is part of your care. I believe there's ſome fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windſor Foreſt, of which I am come to take my laſt look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as thoſe

who go to be hang'd do their fellow-priſoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr. D* with tenderneſs; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be remov'd himſelf.

Perhaps, now I have learnt ſo far as

— Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

My next leſſon may be

Nos Patriam fugimus —

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſham'd of each other. I know I wiſh my Country well, and if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

LETTER XCI.

June 22, 1716.

IF a regard both to publick and private affairs may plead a lawful excuſe in behalf of a negligent correſpondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot ſay whether 'tis a felicity or unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the violence, madneſs and reſentment of modern War-makers, * which are likely to prove (to ſome people at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate country-men.

Tho' the change of my ſcene of life, from Windſor foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, be one of the grand Æra's of my days, and may be called a notable period in ſo inconſiderable a hiſtory; yet

* This was written in the year of the affair of Preſton.

you can ſcarce imagine any hero paſſing from one ſtage of life to another, with ſo much tranquility, ſo eaſy a tranſition, and ſo laudable a behaviour. I am become ſo truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expreſſion) that I look with equal indifference on what I have loſt, and on what I have gained. The times and amuſements paſt are not more like a dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: I lie in a refreſhing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at leaſt from obſcurity, that the darkneſs helps me to ſleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom I fancy I remember much as ſeparate ſpirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours, but in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philoſophical, or religious (which-ſoever of thoſe turns we chance to take) and indeed the world is ſuch a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natur'd. So the moſt politick way is to ſeem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in ſhort greater fools, than we really are: ſo ſhall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favour'd by our maſters, and happy with our miſtreſſes. I have fill'd my paper, and ſo adieu.

LETTER XCII.

Sept. 8 1717.

I Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the bleſſed conſcience of having acted well in it: and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I conſider you in this light, than if

I compared you to thoſe Greeks and Romans, whoſe conſtancy in ſuffering pain, and whoſe reſolution in purſuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this ſide the water. I beg if your health be reſtor'd to you not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of ſervice and good advice to the poor papiſts, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to thoſe folks that were to be drowned at laſt. At the worſt I heartily wiſh your Ark may find an Arrarat, and your wife and family, (the hopes of the good patriarch) land ſafely after the deluge, upon the ſhore of Totneſs.

If I durſt mix prophane with ſacred hiſtory, I would comfort you with the old tale of Brutus the wandring Trojan, who found on that very coaſt the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures: For I have been lately reading Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the tranſlation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. He wanted my help to verſify the prayer of Brutus, made when he was much in our circumſtances, enquiring in what land to ſet up his ſeat, and worſhip like his fathers?

Goddeſs of Woods, tremendous in the chace,
To Mountain-wolves and all the Savage race,
Wide o'er th' aerial Vault extends thy ſway,
And o'er th' infernal Regions void of day,
On thy third Reign look down; *diſcloſe our Fate,*
In what new Nation ſhall we fix our Seat?
When ſhall we next thy hallow'd Altars raiſe,
And Quires of Virgins celebrate thy praiſe?

The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an hiſtorian; and told me he was perfectly aſtoniſhed, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believ'd thoſe of our Saints? I am forc'd to make a fair compoſition with him; and, by crediting ſome of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him ſo far alrea-

dy, that he ſpeaks reſpectfully of St. Chriſtopher's carrying Chriſt, and the reſuſcitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more, compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines were to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aſide Homer for a week, and when I take him up again I ſhall be very well prepared to tranſlate, with belief and reverence, the ſpeech of Achilles's Horſe.

You'll excuſe all this trifling, or any thing elſe which prevents a ſheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is falſe) than that I have a conſtant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoycing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Chriſtian intereſt, tho' your Couſin of Oxford (with whom I dined yeſterday) ſays, there is no other difference in the Chriſtians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Chriſtians, than whether the Emperor ſhall firſt declare war againſt Spain, or Spain declare it againſt the Emperor?

LETTER XCIII.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE queſtion you propoſed to me is what at preſent I am the moſt unfit man in the world to anſwer, by my loſs of one of the beſt of fathers.

He had liv'd in ſuch a courſe of Temperance as was enough to make the longeſt life agreeable to him, and in ſuch a courſe of Piety as ſuffic'd to make the moſt ſudden death ſo alſo. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me ſuch an one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave him to the mercy

of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua eſt ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the tickliſh management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of ſuch an human turn as your ſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſirable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere letter I ever wrote to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you have receiv'd. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOur very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt concerns of life at your reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwer'd and acknowledg'd. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's publiſh'd by P. Coſte, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate friend of his: 'Adieu 'my friend! the pain I feel will ſoon be over, but I grieve for 'that you are to feel, which is to laſt you for life.

I joyn with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a

worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune said one day to me. 'Alas, I have nothing to do but to dye; I 'am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or to fear, for my 'life or death: 'Tis the only reason I have to repent being a single 'man; now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and 'without young trees to grow round me, for company and de-'fence.

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? if you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, cast 'em to dirty people, such as in the scripture phrase possess the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny Lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded main: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

But I believe Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be apply'd to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; tho' in the main I think it may have some resemblance. For God knows this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine's famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity, your, &c.

LETTER XCV.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the juſtice to think no man is more your ſincere well-wiſher than my ſelf, or more the ſincere well-wiſher of your whole family; with which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another ſo well; and for enjoying the ſweets of that life, which can only be taſted by people of good will.

They from all ſhades the darkneſs can exclude,
And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude.

Torbay is a paradiſe, and a ſtorm is but an amuſement to ſuch people. If you drink Tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the ſea, it is preferable to an Aſſembly; and the whiſtling of the wind better muſick to contented and loving minds, than the Opera to the ſpleenful, ambitious, diſeas'd, diſtaſted, and diſtracted ſouls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they! who are baniſh'd from us: but happier they, who can baniſh themſelves; or more properly baniſh the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very ſublime, and to include more than a hundred ſentences that might be writ to expreſs diſtraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual buſineſs of having no buſineſs to do. You'll wonder I reckon tranſlating the Odyſſey as nothing? But whenever I think ſeriouſly (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſions of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhou'd go on gingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim God of Hell!

ſaid a heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a chriſtian Biſhop, who has firſt by his exhortations, and ſince by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reaſonable creature. —— but he is gone! Atterbury

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt day I've been my ſelf, and paſs over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correſpondent I ſhall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XCVI.

June 2, 1725.

YOU ſhew your ſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you or yours, I aſſure you the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturb'd, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of 'em. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that ecchoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance

under the temple you look down thro' a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as thro' a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the cieling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower paſſage two porches, one towards the river of ſmooth ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward the Garden, ſhadow'd with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to compleat it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of,

Hujus Nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
Rumpere, ſeu bibas, ſive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep;
Ah ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
Ah drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcription, but it is pretty near the truth. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I Should be aſham'd to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more aſham'd to tell a lye or to make an excuſe, which is worſe than a lye, (for being built upon ſome probable circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of truth to falſify with, and is a lye guarded.) Your letter has been in my pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the ſuit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing that I have not enough conſider'd and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendſhip, as they ſay of good writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a ſhort one, but a violent: I am now well: ſo it ſhall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The ſummer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradiſaical ſcene among groves and gardens; but at this ſeaſon, we are like our poor firſt parents, turn'd out of that agreeable tho' ſolitary life, and forc'd to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houſes, and hive together in cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtor'd, and riſen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, laughing at greatneſs, merry over a chriſtmaſs-fire, and exerciſing all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs. B * what I think ſhe is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done: and ſhe will allow herſelf to be far enough advanc'd above a fine lady, not to deſire to ſhine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have ſome other thoughts, which

even their mother muſt excuſe them for, becauſe ſhe is a mother. I will not however ſuppoſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite 'em and aſſiſt the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raiſe up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a a word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, and happy, juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that, I wiſh you all with me.

Next to God, is a good Man; next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wiſh well to the good and the deſerving, and deſire they only ſhould be my companions and correſpondents, I muſt very ſoon and very much think of you. I want your company and your example. Pray make haſt to town, ſo as not again to leave us: diſcharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which the poets ſay the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth to the ſons of earth, your converſation is in heaven. Which that it may be accompliſh'd in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this ſhort Sermon; value (to you) three pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following Year, 1726.

LETTERS

LETTERS

To and from the Honourable

ROBERT DIGBY.

LETTER XCVIII.

June 2, 1717.

I Had pleas'd my ſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your * phyſicians. They are as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and (like the antients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let 'em laugh, but people will ſtill have their opinions: as they think our Doctors aſſes to them, we'll think them aſſes to our Doctors.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill Dr. Evans ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the world, I would not give ſix pence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concern'd as to the point whether you are to

* Aſſes.

live fat or lean: moſt men of wit or honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean, ſo I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you ſhall; however be comforted, and reflect, that you'll make the better Buſto for it.

'Tis ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolick. Mr. Wharton forc'd me to take Gorboduc, which has ſince done me great credit with ſeveral people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham ſome diſ-kindneſs, in ſhewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Ann and King George. It is truly a ſcandal, that men ſhould write with contempt of a piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two poets did, who were ignorant even of the ſex, as well as ſenſe, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I ſhall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briſeis. I ſhall be Achilles's humble ſervant theſe two months (with the good leave of all my friends.) I have no ambition ſo ſtrong at preſent, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furniſh out a decent and plentiful execution, of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expreſt how heartily I wiſh the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preſerve me in the day of battle, which is juſt approaching! join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always your, &c.

LETTER XCIX.

March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give my ſelf in correſponding with men of good nature and good underſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your letters till a time, when another man would be aſhamed to own he had received them. If there-

fore you are ever moved on my account by that ſpirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the ſpirit of goodneſs; pray never ſtint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare truſt you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the reſt of this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with conceits all over; you ſhould be put out of breath with laughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each period, to look back over how much wit you had paſs'd. But I have found by experience that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the moſt we can hope is to be heard, juſt with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the only place we ſeem alive at; there indeed we ſtare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obſolete train, ſo ill-dreſs'd, that men, women and children hiſs 'em out of all good company. Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in your company too long, really behaves her ſelf ſcandalouſly among us: ſhe pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ſeeing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have ſaid her prayers before; talks without any manner of ſhame of good books, and has not ſeen Cibber's play of the Non-juror. I rejoyced the other day to ſee a libel on her toilette, which gives me ſome hope that you have at leaſt a taſte of ſcandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the joys of this city, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you wou'd keep your happineſs to your ſelves, that the happieſt here may not die with envy at a bliſs which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

LETTER C.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleshill, Apr. 17, 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your deſcription of the town, I imagine it to lie under ſome great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining ſince you do not fly thoſe horrible monſters, rapine, diſſimulation and luxury, that a magick circle is drawn about you, and you cannot eſcape. We are here in the country in quite another world, ſurrounded with bleſſings and pleaſures, without any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible faculties; indeed we cannot boaſt of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but juſt like a raree-ſhow, we have a curioſity to peep at 'em and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and ſplendour at this diſtance; it appears to us a fine glittering ſcene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are in enjoying it. Whatever you may think to perſuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongſt you, we can never believe: our uninform'd minds repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſarily annex ſplendour to her; and we could as ſoon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I can't forbear telling you we indeed read the ſpoils of Rapine as boys do the Engliſh rogue, and hug our ſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER CI.

May 1, 1720.

YOu'll think me very full of my ſelf, when after long ſilence (which however to ſay truth has rather been employ'd to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding a ſeſſion of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for incidents to retard the clearing any publick account, and ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagu'd my ſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſign'd four very laborious and uncommon ſort of Indexes to Homer, I'm forc'd, for want of time, to publiſh two only; the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've alſo been oblig'd to leave unfiniſh'd in my desk the heads of two Eſſays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muſt wait for future editions, or periſh; and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good memorials of you as your ſiſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord Digby muſt be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder ſons wiſh they had fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the ſubject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a ſincere, hearty, old-faſhion'd reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her ſon for not having writ to you oftner to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? my lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſte this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and the country. No Ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is in this ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of ſhowers: our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: the birds are paying their thankſgiving ſongs for the new habitations I have made 'em: my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river; where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? So little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams my Tuſcan Porticos or Ionic Pilaſters.

But (to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle) the beſt account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as your ſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour (at this publick houſe on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a meer jeſt! Building, gardens, writings, pleaſures, works, of whatever ſtuff man can raiſe! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is immortal! dear Sir, I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER CII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter which I had two poſts ago was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any teſtimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, till after reading your letter I found it was a moſt idle weak imagination to think I could ſo offend you. Of all the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never receiv'd any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſome ſhare of your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very ſincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think your ſelves obliged as thoſe that have received one. This is indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be found out of your houſe. I have great hopes however to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your having finiſhed Homer, while the two Eſſays you mention are not compleated; but if you expect no great trouble from finiſhing theſe, I heartily rejoyce with you.

I have ſome faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here ſee round me. The verdure of ſhowers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the ſong of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I hear and ſee all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of theſe at Twickenham while

I was there with you, by which I gueſs what an increaſe of charms it muſt now have. How kind is it in you to wiſh me there, and how unfortunate are my circumſtances that allow me not to viſit you? if I ſee you I muſt leave my Father alone, and this uneaſy thought would diſappoint all my propoſed pleaſures; the ſame circumſtance will prevent my project of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurſt's wood, and (I fear) of ſeeing you till winter, unleſs Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which caſe I ſhall preſs you to ſee Dorſetſhire as you propoſed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico. Your, &c.

LETTER CIII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and converſation is I find quite changed ſince I left it, tho' it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever aſtoniſhed a Philoſopher ſo much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in converſation. All ſcandal will ſure be laid aſide, for there can be no ſuch diſeaſe any more as ſpleen in this new golden age. I am pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing nothing but a general good-humour when I come up to town; I rejoyce in the univerſal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was ſoon content; and that you cared not for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health, for of riches and fame you have enough. Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CIV.

July 20, 1720.

YOur kind deſire to know the ſtate of my health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeem'd an unconcern'd party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whoſe ſhort Eſchantillon of a Letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the ſhort glimpſe of a viſion afforded to ſome devout hermit; for it includes (as thoſe revelations do) a promiſe of a better life in the Elyſian groves of Cirenceſter, whither I could ſay almoſt in the ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend by various ways, to one bliſsful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as aſſociates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longævity!) by mortals call'd ſpaw-water, be convey'd; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
Quaff Immortality and Joy ——

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould not forget the green veſtments and ſcarfs which your ſiſters promis'd to make for this purpoſe: I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your ſide and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's deſcription of King James the firſt.

What words, what numbers, what oratory or what poetry, can ſuffice, to expreſs how infinitely I eſteem, value, love and deſire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the jews, jobbers, bubblers, ſubſcribers, projectors, directors, governors, treaſurers, &c. &c. &c. *in ſæcula ſæculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miſerable mercenary period; and turn your ſelf, in a juſt contempt of theſe ſons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in

which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and Palladio. I am, &c.

LETTER CV.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden Age, for ſure this muſt be ſuch, in which money is ſhower'd down in ſuch abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden-age to us. I have ſome omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muſes delight to be near a Court, when I find you frequently with a Firſt-miniſter, I can't but expect from ſuch an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know you deſire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is ſet up and worſhipped, and if you cannot effect it, adieu to all ſuch hopes. You ſeem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our paſſions in the pleaſurable purſuit of them, tho' aſſiſted by this increaſe: if ſo, and if monſters only as various as thoſe of Nile ariſe from this abundance, who that has any ſpleen about him will not haſte to town to laugh? What will become of the play-houſe? who will go thither while there is ſuch entertainment in the ſtreets? I hope we ſhall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of genius's, for none has ever produced better ſubjects.

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CVI.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the publick Spirit ſo much admired in old Rome, of ſacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the common-wealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have ſuffered in the South Sea, than for the publick, which is ſaid to be undone by it. But I hope the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the publick to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſides your ſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoyce in your Sufferings; ſince they have ſhewn me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment. I aſſure you I expect from it a performance greater ſtill than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendor. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

I long to ſee you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will ſay nothing of Lord Bathurſt's wood, which I ſaw in my return hither. Soon after Chriſtmas I deſign for London, where I ſhall miſs Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to ſtay in the country all winter. I am angry with her as I am like to ſuffer by this reſolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cauſe. The man is curſed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can uſe it with pleaſure to ſend my ſervices to your good mother, and to write my ſelf your, &c.

LETTER CVII.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will ſtay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a ſight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: ſhe needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal buſineſs and amuſement of mind, and even as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would outwalk him: for (as Dean Swift obſerv'd to me the very firſt time I ſaw the Doctor) "He is a man that can "do every thing, but walk." His brother who is lately come into England, goes alſo to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The ſpirit of Philanthropy, ſo long dead to our world, is reviv'd in him: he is a philoſopher all on fire; ſo warmly, nay ſo wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be ſo too, and draws them into his own Vortex. He is a ſtar that looks as if he were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle, and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world who would ſerve a friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an enemy ſerve a friend.

As all human life is chequer'd and mixed with acquiſitions and loſſes (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former laſting or ſatisfactory) ſo at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have loſt another; a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. It's certain the loſs of one of this character puts us naturally upon ſetting a greater value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays Seneca, is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in this life, or ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and proſpect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would ſtand alone, the ſole re-

maining ruin, the laſt tottering column of all the fabrick of friendſhip; once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried? I am, &c.

LETTER CVIII.

I Have belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in ſafety at Twickenham; tho' 'tis a ſort of earneſt that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Coleſhill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them; I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady Scudamore from you, as I fear ſhe will do her ſelf before this letter reaches you: ſo I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if ſhe lives as well as you do: tho' I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly: I ſuſpect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miſs Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the Clergy in the Country come to pay reſpects; both the Clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young Lady, further buſineſs and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lord Coningsby, and on the other Mr. W*. Yet I ſhall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content my ſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, his ſervant, as you are his ſon, or he your father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-

travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. W* that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young Ladies, whom I almost robb'd of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it.) Yours, &c.

LETTER CIX.

1722.

YOur making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me: for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of my self, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I'm told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide thro' that enchanted forest, is not to be expressed: I look upon my self as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonnades that are to adorn them: nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer

dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces thro' ſecret caverns (of not above twelve or fifteen miles) till they riſe and celebrate their marriage in the midſt of an immenſe amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of poſterity a hundred years hence. But till the deſtin'd time ſhall arrive that is to manifeſt theſe wonders, Mrs. Digby muſt content her ſelf with ſeeing what is at preſent no more than the fineſt wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are turn'd followers of the Camp in Hide-Park this year, whither all the town reſort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more cloſely attached to the luggage. The Matrons, like thoſe of Sparta, attend their ſons to the field, to be the witneſſes of their glorious deeds; and the Maidens with all their charms diſplay'd, provoke the ſpirit of the Soldiers. Tea and Coffee ſupply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This Camp ſeems crown'd with perpetual victory, for every ſun that riſes in the thunder of cannon, ſets in the muſick of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the conſtant preſence of the Princeſs, to repreſent the *Mater Exercitus.*

At Twickenham the world goes otherwiſe. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own ſort, who has made me perfectly rude to all my contemporaries, and won't ſo much as ſuffer me to look upon 'em. The perſon I complain of is the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Yet he allows me (from ſomething he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old ſect of moraliſts) to write three or four ſides of paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe ſort of people never tell but with truth and religious ſincerity) that I am, and ever will be, your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CX.

THE ſame reaſon that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleaſing expectation to ſee you in town. Indeed ſince the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your abſence from London, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick room hither from the firſt embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not ſo much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmeſt in the houſe: we and our fires will equally ſmile upon your face. There is a Perſian proverb that ſays (I think very prettily) "The converſation of a friend brightens "the eyes." This I take to be a ſplendor ſtill more agreeable than the fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-ſide, in the metaphorical ſenſe, that is, all thoſe of your family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honeſt heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and falſe ſplendors, of an Aſſembly of empty heads, aking hearts, and falſe faces,) this is my ſincere wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much pleaſure in ſeeing ſome few faces about town of my acquaintance. I gueſs you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's: and I aſſure you, you ought to take as much pleaſure in their hearts, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful ſervant.

LET-

LETTER CXI.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Can't return from ſo agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and ſhall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when abſent from it. As you are poſſeſſed of all the pleaſures of the country, and as I think of a right mind, what can I wiſh you but health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do, that I ſhould be even glad to hear your good old mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing her it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled and ſhall be ſo, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deſerve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and eſteem for you. So truly, that I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure of my life if I loſt your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the claſs of honeſt men; for tho' I am not troubled overmuch about the opinion moſt may have of me, yet I own it wou'd grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and ſome few others. I will not doubt my own ſtrength, yet I have this further ſecurity to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your eſteem with it.

Perpetual diſorder and ill health have for ſome years ſo diſguiſed me, that I ſometimes fear I do not to my beſt friends enough appear what I really am. Sickneſs is a great oppreſſor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, ſtifling its warmth, and not ſuffering it

to break out in action. But I hope I ſhall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that pleaſe me too, tho' not ſo well grounded; theſe are, that you may yet make a journey weſtward with Lord Bathurſt; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reaſon, becauſe I would not part with the pleaſure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! indeed I remember him as one that has made ſickneſs eaſy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the ſame manner that you have always done. I often too conſider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inſeparable. I have as you gueſs, many philoſophical reveries in the ſhades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius applaud and ſtrengthen all my ſentiments that have Honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I muſt acknowledge now; that my own breaſt may not reproach me with ingratitude, and diſquiet me when I would muſe again in that ſolemn ſcene. I have not room left to ask you many queſtions I intended about the Odyſſey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulyſſes on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing elſe that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden-plants? how look the trees? how ſpring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? hard names to ſpell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had of pleaſure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full and ſpares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is Digby. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more? I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXI.

Oct. 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that undiſcover'd country, from whoſe Bourn no traveller returns! — But here you have me ſtill — I conſpire in your ſentiments, emulate your pleaſures, wiſh for your company. You are all of one heart and one ſoul, as was ſaid of the primitive chriſtians: 'tis like the kingdom of the juſt upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a ſett of try'd experienc'd friends, and fellow comforters, who have ſeen evil men and evil days, and have by a ſuperior rectitude of heart ſet your ſelves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end ſuch a millenary year in London? and tranſmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other creatures, in that ſcene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in ſenſe and reaſon triumphant? I appeal to a third Lady in your family, whom I take to be the moſt innocent, and the leaſt warp'd by idle faſhion and cuſtom, of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every ſoul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I deſire her opinion under her hand in your next letter: I mean Miſs Scudamore's *. I'm confident if ſhe would, or durſt ſpeak her ſenſe, and employ that reaſoning which God has given her, to infuſe more thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe arguments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, and keep you out of town, like people ſenſible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if ſhe can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas, † the ſeat of all earthly happineſs, and the new Jeruſalem of the righteous.

* Afterwards Ducheſs of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceiv'd his Project of erecting a Settlement in Bermudas for the Propagation of the Chriſtian Faith, and Introduction of Sciences into America.

Don't talk of the decay of the year; the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo: 'tis the beſt time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves: the proſpects begin to open, thro' the thinner woods over the vallies, and thro' the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and ſcatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholſome: what wou'd you have? the Moon ſhines too; tho' not for Lovers, theſe cold nights, but for Aſtronomers. Have ye not reflecting Teleſcopes *, whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? content your ſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting Teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt (for what I've ſaid before relates only to the ladies, don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking Sanhedrin, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If after all, you will deſpiſe good advice, and reſolve to come to London: here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their ſervant, you know I am yours, &c.

LETTER CXII.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a month ſtrolling about in Buckinghamſhire and Oxfordſhire, from garden to garden, but ſtill returning to Lord Cobham's with freſh ſatisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B*'s improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like the

* Theſe Inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.

waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at leaſt as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradiſe of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of 'em, but I dare ſay Lord B* has, becauſe they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *Extravagante Bergerie*; and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigu'd with over-much dancing and ſinging at his unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I know your love of eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philoſophical to be a philoſopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B* will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's maxims is, that a total abſtinence from intemperance or buſineſs, is no more philoſophy, than a total conſopition of the ſenſes is repoſe; one muſt feel enough of its contrary to have a reliſh of either. But after all, let your temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you ſhall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of the company, here; nothing will be able to prevent your converſion to her, but indiſpoſition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you; for as to vice, you are ſafe, but folly is many an honeſt man's, nay every good humour'd man's lot: nay it is the ſeaſoning of life; and fools (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the earth; a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole mouthful is juſtly call'd the Devil.

So much for your diverſions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradiſe, it is in ſuch perfect Union and Society as you all poſſeſs. I wou'd have my innocent envies and wiſhes of your ſtate known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for this is inward approbation and eſteem. My Lord Digby has in me a real ſervant, or would have were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it. I am, &c.

LETTER CXIII.

Dec. 28, 1724.

IT is now the ſeaſon to wiſh you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both theſe you know how to make your ſelf, by only continuing ſuch a life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not; the firſt are too modeſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-faſhion'd, or too private, to conſtitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the preſent age. However, it were to be wiſh'd people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, meerly in caſe any of 'em ſhould by chance come into faſhion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hoop'd petticoats, (which may be properly compar'd to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins.)

They tell me that at Coleſhill certain of theſe antiquated charities, and obſolete devotions are yet ſubſiſting: that a thing called chriſtian chearfulneſs, (not incompatible with Chriſtmas-pyes and plumb-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old ſermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practiſe: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet continue a part of good houſe-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourſcore miles: and laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef actually make ſome people as happy, as a whore and a bottle. But here in town I aſſure you, men, women, and children have done with theſe things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Inſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for juſtice, time-ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion and good humour, the caſe is juſt as I tell you, where

People underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that heaven would open the eyes of men, and make 'em ſenſible which of theſe is right? whether upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding and all manner of luxury, and take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading and exerciſe, and come into our meaſures? I wiſh (I ſay) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to your, &c.

LETTER CXIV.

To the Hon. EDWARD DIGBY.

April 29, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, expreſs what part I bear in your ſuffering. Nature and eſteem in you are join'd to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tye of friendſhip approaches near to the tenderneſs of nature: yet God knows, no man living is leſs fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply ſenſible than my ſelf of the greatneſs of the loſs. That very virtue, which ſecures his preſent ſtate from all the ſorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandiſe our ſenſation of its being removed from our ſight, from our affection and from our imitation. The friendſhip and ſociety of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better: their death does but compleat their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arriv'd to their degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was ſo, I take his very removal to be a proof; providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that ſo much wants them as long as in its juſtice to them it could ſpare them to us. May my ſoul be

with thoſe who have meant well and have acted well to that meaning; and I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I ſhall be with him. Let us preſerve his memory in the way he would beſt like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each, juſt as we think he would have done: ſo we ſhall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and more in our lives and manners. I hope when we ſhall meet him next we ſhall be more of a piece with him, and conſequently not to be ever more ſeparated from him. I will add but one word (that relates to what remains of your ſelf and me ſince ſo valued a part of us is gone) it is to beg you to accept as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart which (while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes and affections for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his and ſhall (I aſſure you in the ſincerity of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at your ſervice while I continue to love his memory, that is while I continue to be

A. P.

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorſetſhire, with an Epitaph written by the Author.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO and FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1717 to 1721.

LETTER CXV.

To Mr. FENTON.

May 5, 1717.

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt month, but out of a deſire to give you ſome certain and ſatisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commiſſioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the riſing of the Parliament, which will be as ſoon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquility and full leiſure. I dare ſay your way of life (which, in my taſte will be the beſt in the world, and with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt prove highly to your contentment. And I muſt add, it will be ſtill the more a joy to me, as I ſhall reap a peculiar advantage from the good I ſhall have done in bringing you together, by ſeeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a houſe cloſe by

mine, whither he propoſes to come in three weeks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical diet for a time, may give you a higher reliſh of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I deſire to know by the firſt poſt how ſoon I may hope for you?

I am a little ſcandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the muſes have put ſo many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your queſtion, what I am doing? I anſwer, juſt what I have been doing ſome years, my duty; ſecondly relieving my ſelf with neceſſary amuſements, or exerciſes, which ſhall ſerve me inſtead of phyſic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and laſtly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the eaſier if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the conſciouſneſs of doing my beſt. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honeſt men, who think me not quite undeſerving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know my ſelf. I will add the ſincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undeſigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately your, &c.

LETTER CXVI.

The * *Rev. Dean* BERKLEY, *to Mr.* POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, *N. S.* 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is ſuch an exhauſted

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ſubject, that, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheleſs lately return'd from an Iſland, where I paſſed three or four months, which were it ſet out in its true colours, might methinks amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The iſland Inarime, is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged roeks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is in the hotteſt ſeaſon conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are moſtly covered with vineyards, intermixt with fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the paſſenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene, is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the iſland (once a terrible Volcano, by the ancients call'd Mons Epomeus) its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits, the middle affords paſture to flocks of ſheep and goats, and the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which you have the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: The greater part of which hath been ſung by Homer and Virgil, as making a conſiderable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The Iſlands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miſeno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Leſtrygones,

the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagnia felice, make but a part of this noble landſcape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The inhabitants of this delicious iſle, as they are without riches and honours, ſo are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much ſtrangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight offences. We had an inſtance of this the ſecond night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being ſhot dead by our door: and yet by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among theſe dangerous people. Would you know how we paſs the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: beſides the the gayety of their churches (where folks go to ſee what they call *una bella Devotione* (i. e.) a ſort of religious opera) they make fireworks almoſt every week, out of devotion; the ſtreets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houſes and treat them with muſick and ſweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little elſe to recommend it, beſide the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in Italy; however, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long ſince, that being to viſit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: He liked the notes extreamly, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh your ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed, by your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM *to Mr.* POPE.

YOU desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer: And I think it excusable (at an age alas of not much pleasure) to amuse my self a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons ingaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyrick kind of Poetry even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other a Lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that sort of it which most becomes her Sex, for softness, genteelness, and promoting of vertue: and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity it self, have been more outragious or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an Author under debate: I wish for the sake of the publick, which is now so well entertain'd by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judg'd, that the beſt of all Poets certainly deſerv'd a better tranſlation, at leaſt into French proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in verſe was deſpair'd of: I believe indeed from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence ſuitable to ſo very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this task as well as proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong ſide of Tapeſtry is able to repreſent the right) ſhe has added to it alſo many learned and uſeful annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own ſex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and conſequently her adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if in doing this, ſhe is grown ſo inamour'd of that unſpeakably-charming Author, as to have a kind of horror at the leaſt mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deſervedly famous for all ſorts of Lyrick poetry, was ſo far introduc'd by her into thoſe beauties of the Epick kind, (tho' but in that way of tranſlation) as not to reſiſt the pleaſure and hope of reputation by attempting that in verſe, which had been applauded ſo much for the difficulty of doing it even in proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extreamly tranſcend the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for Vanity on all occaſions; he was not content to out-do M. D' Acier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himſelf, and all that ever in any age or nation went before

him in the ſame enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt this preſumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times ſo well defended, as not to need my ſmall aſſiſtance; yet I muſt needs ſay his excellencies are ſuch, that for their ſakes he deſerves a much gentler touch for his ſeeming errors. Theſe if M. de la Motte had tranſlated as well as the reſt, with an apology for having retain'd 'em only out of meer veneration; his judgment in my opinion would have appear'd much greater than by the beſt of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at ſome odd things in Homer; but 'tis chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay his divine ones, which almoſt ſurprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of humane nature.

And now we are wond'ring, I am in a difficulty to gueſs, what can be the reaſon of theſe exceptions againſt Homer, from one who has himſelf tranſlated him, contrary to the general cuſtom of tranſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be ſingular in getting above the title of a Tranſlator, tho' ſufficiently honourable in this caſe. For ſuch an ambition no body has leſs occaſion, than one who is ſo fine a Poet in other kinds; and who muſt have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can intitle him to the denomination of an *Epick Poet* himſelf: though no man in this age ſeems more capable of being a good one, if the *French* tongue would bear it. Yet in his tranſlation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Beſides he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the moſt

eaſy and vulgar part of a critick; whereas nothing ſhews ſo much skill and taſte both, as the being throughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt excellencies.

What can we ſay in excuſe of all this? *Humanum eſt errare:* Since as good a Poet as I believe the French language is capable of, and as ſharp a Critick as any nation can produce, has by too much cenſuring Homer, ſubjected a tranſlation to cenſure, that would have otherwiſe ſtood the teſt of the ſevereſt adverſary.

But ſince he would needs chuſe that wrong way of criticiſm, I wonder he miſs'd a ſtone ſo eaſy to be thrown againſt Homer, for his filling the Iliad with ſo much ſlaughter, (for that is to be excuſed, ſince a War is not capable of being deſcribed without it) but with ſo many various particulars of wounds and horror, as ſhew the writer (I am afraid) ſo delighted that way himſelf, as not the leaſt to doubt his reader being ſo alſo. Like Spainoletta, whoſe diſmal pictures are the more diſagreeable for being always ſo very movingly painted. Even Hector's laſt parting from his ſon and Andromache, hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte in his ſtrongeſt objection about that diſmal combat, has ſufficient cauſe to blame his inrag'd adverſary; who here gives an inſtance that it is impoſſible to be violent without committing ſome miſtake; her paſſion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a diſpute about that very Poet for whom I have the greateſt veneration.

M. D'Acier might have conſider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to ſo bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely even

after the vain attempts of Plato himſelf againſt it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reaſon with that of Madam D' Acier's anger againſt M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in proſe his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime heights of poetry, which therefore he baniſh'd out of his commonwealth.

Nor were theſe objections to Homer any more leſſening of her merit in tranſlating him, as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt admirable verſes can be any diſparagement to as excellent proſe.

The beſt excuſe for all this violence is, its being in a Cauſe which gives a kind of reputation even to ſuffering by never ſo ill a management of it.

The worſt of defending even Homer in ſuch a paſſionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the firſt ſight of Achilles? whoſe terrible aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſable fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's reſtoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excuſing Hector's ſo terrible apprehenſion at the very firſt.

LETTER CXVIII.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1. 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my requeſt, in giving me your opinion of the French diſpute concerning Homer. And I ſhall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I diſagree from you. It is but in two or three very ſmall points, not ſo much of the diſpute, as of the parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite ſo highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I reſpect it very much. It is great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her husband. To inſtance no further, his remarks on Horace ſhew more good Senſe, Penetration, and a better Taſte of his author, and thoſe upon Ariſtotle's art of poetry more Skill and Science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more ſlight, dwell more in generals, and are beſides for the moſt part leſs her own, of which her remarks upon Homer are an example: where Euſtathius is tranſcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth or learning in thoſe upon Terence, Plautus, (or where they were moſt wanted) upon Ariſtophanes, only the Greek ſcholia upon the latter are ſome of the beſt extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forc'd me to ſee them: yet I have had ſo much of the French complaiſance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly anothers, (which is the caſe in ſome hundreds) I have

barely quoted the true Proprietor without obſerving upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever ſeen my obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct, but what effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer for.

In the next place, as to Mr. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in ſuppoſing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry but what he learn'd from Madam Dacier's Proſe-tranſlation. There had been a very elegant Proſe-tranſlation before by Monſieur de la Valterie, ſo elegant, that the ſtyle of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great diſpoſition of finding faults, in the one, and of confeſſing none, in the other: But doubtleſs, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate or ſenſible, than Mr. de la Motte's manner of managing the diſpute: and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the beauty of his verſe (in which you have the ſuffrage too of the Archbiſhop of Cambray) I will venture to ſay, his proſe is full as good. I think therefore when you ſay, no diſputants ev'n in Divinity cou'd be more outrageous and uncharitable than theſe two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the paſſions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the ſame intereſts go along with them) they wou'd carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animoſities, and even perſecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticiſm, as ever they did about Religion: and that in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we ſhou'd have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhock'd at the flight of Hector

upon the firſt appearance of Achilles in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However (to ſhew my ſelf a true Commentator, if not a true Critick) I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it, in my notes on that Book. And to ſave my ſelf what trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the ſubſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſeparate paper which I'll ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that Hector was in an abſolute certainty of death, and depreſs'd over and above with the conſcience of being in an ill cauſe. If your heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the ſpirit of a Hero, you'll at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may: But I can tell your Grace, no leſs a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer; "Sir, ſhew me a danger that I "think an imminent and real one, and I promiſe you I'll be as "much afraid as any of you." I am your Grace's, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

Mr. POPE *to* . . . . .

Decemb. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a window in the boſom, to render the Soul of man viſible, is what every honeſt friend has manifold reaſon to wiſh for; yet even that would not do in our caſe, while you are ſo far ſeparated from me, and ſo long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, & in Hiberniam reverteris.* I ſhould be apt to think you in Sancho's caſe; ſome Duke has made you Governour of an Iſland, or wet place, and you are adminiſtring laws to the wild Iriſh. But I muſt own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my ſtring; and I am as apt to pardon you as the fellow that thought himſelf Jupiter would have pardon'd the other madman who call'd himſelf his brother Neptune. Alas Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Tranſlator, and at laſt thro' meer dulneſs is turn'd an Architect. You know Martial's cenſure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum.*. However I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to ſurprize: (as Bays ſays) the next news you may expect to hear, is that I am in debt.

The hiſtory of my tranſplantation and ſettlement which you deſire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, viciſſitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, ſhould I deſcribe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perſpectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily raiſed, by the ſtrength of that faculty wherein all Genius's excel, Imagination. At laſt, the Gods and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the Thames, in the diſtricts of Richmond and Twickenham: It is here I have paſt an entire year of my life, without any fix'd abode

in London, or more than caſting a tranſitory glance (for a day or two at moſt in a month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, return'd from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my ſtructures riſe; for you my Colonnades extend their wings; for you my groves aſpire, and roſes bloom. And to ſay truth, I hope poſterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all theſe things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my Architecture, that it was a manſion prepar'd to receive you, againſt your own ſhould fall to duſt, which is deſtin'd to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two ſuch ſervants, who have excell'd in conſtancy the very Rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of my ſelf? ſo much, and yet all put together ſo little, that I ſcarce care or know, how to do it. But the very reaſons that are againſt putting it upon paper, are as ſtrong for telling it you in perſon; and I am uneaſy to be ſo long deny'd the ſatisfaction of it.

At preſent I conſider you bound in by the Iriſh Sea, like the ghoſts in Virgil,

— Triſti palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, & novies Styx circumfuſa coercet!

and I can't expreſs how I long to renew our old intercourſe and converſation, our morning conferences in bed in the ſame room, our evening walks in the park, our amuſing voyages on the water, our philoſophical ſuppers, our lectures, our diſſertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not? — This awakens the memory of ſome of thoſe who have made a part in all theſe. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You juſtly reprove me for not ſpeaking of the death of the laſt: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whoſe memory I am erecting the beſt Monument I can. What he gave me to publiſh, was but a ſmall part of what he left behind him, but it was the beſt, and I will not make it worſe by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at Cheſter, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Mo-

nument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his Epitaph for Weſtminſter-Abby —. After theſe, the beſt natur'd of Men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philoſopher famous. But ill tongues, and worſe hearts have branded even his laſt moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with Irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales on this ſubject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth. Your, &c.

LETTER CXVIII.

To Mr.....

Sep. 17.

THE gayety of your letter proves you not ſo ſtudious of Wealth as many of your profeſſion are, ſince you can derive matter of mirth from want of buſineſs. You are none of thoſe Lawyers who deſerve the motto of the Devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret.* But your *Circuit* will at leaſt procure you one of the greateſt of temporal bleſſings, Health. What an advantagious circumſtance is it, for one that loves rambling ſo well, to be a grave and reputable rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth and behold all the iniquities under the heav'ns? You are much a ſuperior genius to me in rambling; you like a Pigeon (to which I would ſooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly ſome hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor Squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excurſions are but like thoſe of a ſhopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his buſineſs all the while. Your letter of the Cauſe lately before you, I could not but communicate to ſome ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion if you conti-

nued a correſpondence of the ſame ſort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to pleaſe the ſex, better than half the novels they read; there wou'd be in them what they love above all things, a moſt happy union of Truth and Scandal. I aſſure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of grave and ſad men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Juſtice A. Judge P. and Counſellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his noſe, but thinks it inconſiſtent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithſtanding the precedent of an eminent Judge. Yours, &c.

LETTER CXIX.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I Am glad your Travels delighted you, improve you I am ſure they could not; you are not ſo much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of ſixteen, and (what makes him ſtill more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, ſpent in attendance upon death, which has ſeized one of our family; my mother is ſomething better, tho' at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one compared with my mother's, becauſe my life is not of half the conſequence to any body, that her's is to me. All theſe incidents have hinder'd my more ſpeedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you deſire it ſhould; namely the railing papers about the Odyſſey. If the book has merit, it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty ſcandal, as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, meerly by coming out.

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more. An honeſt mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one: To break its peace, there

muſt be ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own principles. Not but malice and injuſtice have their day, like ſome poor ſhort-liv'd vermine that die of ſhooting their own ſtings. Falſhood is folly (ſays Homer) and liars and calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even in this world: in the next, 'tis charity to ſay, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vice-gerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and I fear he has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I've had an occaſion to make theſe reflexions of late, more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent perſon, who I'm ſure ſhares your friendſhip no leſs than I do. — No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly or reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe act by her ſelf, or from her ſelf; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it. Yours, &c.

LETTER CXX.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

My LORD,

IF your Mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give you an account of what extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintott, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonſon, who mounted on a ſtone-horſe, (no diſagreeable companion to your Lordſhip's mare) overtook me in Windſor-foreſt. He ſaid, he heard I deſign'd for Oxford, the ſeat of the muſes, and would, as my bookſeller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his horſe? he anſwer'd he got it of his Publiſher: "For that rogue, my Printer, (ſaid he) diſappointed 'me; I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, 'of a brown fricaſſee of rabbits which coſt two ſhillings, with two 'quarts of wine, beſides my converſation. I thought my ſelf 'cockſure of his horſe, which he readily promis'd me, but ſaid that 'Mr. Tonſon had juſt ſuch another deſign of going to Cambridge, 'expecting there the Copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —— 'and if Mr. Tonſon went, he was preingaged to attend him, being 'to have the printing of the ſaid copy.

'So in ſhort, I borrow'd this ſtonehorſe of my publiſher, which 'he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me too the pretty 'boy you ſee after me: he was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, and coſt me 'near two hours to waſh the ink off his face; but the Devil is a fair 'condition'd Devil, and very forward in his catechiſe: if you have 'any more baggs, he ſhall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing three ſhirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an inſtant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner. 'Now damn them! what if 'they ſhould put it into the news-paper, how you and I went to-'gether to Oxford? what would I care? If I ſhould go down in-'to Suſſex, they would ſay I was gone to the Speaker. But what 'of that? if my ſon were but big enough to go on with the buſi-'neſs, by G-d I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his ſon. "The lad (ſays he) has fine 'parts, but is ſomewhat ſickly, much as you are —— I ſpare for 'nothing in his Education at Weſtminſter. Pray don't you think 'Weſtminſter to be the beſt ſchool in England? moſt of the late 'Miniſtry came out of it, ſo did many of this Miniſtry; I hope 'theboy will make his fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at Oxford? 'To what 'purpoſe? (ſaid he) the Univerſities do but make Pedants, and I 'intend to breed him a man of buſineſs.'

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerv'd he ſate uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſs'd ſome ſollicitude: Nothing ſays he, I can bear it well enough; but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, 'See here, what a mighty pretty 'Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amus'd your ſelf in 'turning an Ode, till we mount again? if you pleas'd, what a 'clever Miſcellany might you make at leiſure hours? Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trott very much awakens my ſpirits: then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſu'd for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, ſtopt ſhort, and broke out, 'Well Sir, how far have you 'gone?' I anſwer'd, ſeven miles. 'Lord, Sir, ſaid Lintot, I thought 'you had done ſeven ſtanza's. Oldſworth in a ramble round 'Wimbleton-hill, would tranſlate a whole Ode in half this time. 'I'll ſay that for Oldſworth, (tho' I loſt by his Timothy's) he tranſ-'lates an Ode of Horace the quickeſt of any man in England. I 'remember Dr. King would write verſes in a tavern three hours 'after he could not ſpeak: and there's Sir Richard in that rumb-'ling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pound, 'ſhall make you half a Job.'

Pray Mr. Lintot (ſaid I) now you talk of Tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? 'Sir (reply'd he) thoſe are the 'ſaddeſt pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll 'ſwear they underſtand all the languages in the univerſe: I have 'known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter 'and cry, Ay this is Hebrew, I muſt read it from the latter end. 'By the Lord, I can never be ſure in theſe fellows, for I neither 'underſtand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian my ſelf. But this is 'my way; I agree with them for ten ſhillings per ſheet, with a provi-'ſo, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I pleaſe; ſo by 'one or other they are led at laſt to the true ſenſe of an author; 'my judgment giving the negative to all my tranſlators." But how are you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? 'Why

'I get any civil gentleman, (eſpecially any Scotsman) that comes 'into my ſhop, to read the original to me in Engliſh; by this I 'know whether my firſt tranſlator be deficient, and whether my 'corrector merits his money or not?

'I'll tell you what happen'd to me laſt month: I bargain'd with 'S* for a new verſion of Lucretius to publiſh againſt Tonſon's; 'agreeing to pay the author ſo many ſhillings at his producing ſo 'many lines. He made a great progreſs in a very ſhort time, and 'I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went 'directly to Creech's tranſlation, and found it the ſame word for 'word, all but the firſt page. Now, what d'ye think I did, I ar-'reſted the tranſlator for a cheat; nay, and I ſtopt the corrector's 'pay too, upon this proof that he had made uſe of Creech inſtead 'of the original.

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics? 'Sir (ſaid he) 'nothing more eaſy. I can ſilence the moſt formidable of them: 'the rich ones for a ſheet a-piece of the blotted manuſcript, which 'coſts me nothing: they'll go about with it to their acquain-'tance, and pretend they had it from the author, who ſubmitted 'to their correction: this has given ſome of them ſuch an air, that 'in time they come to be conſulted with, and dedicated to, as 'the top critics of the town. — As for the poor critics, I'll give 'you one inſtance of my management, by which you may gueſs 'at the reſt. A lean man that look'd like a very good ſcholar, 'came to me t'other day; he turn'd over your Homer, ſhook his 'head, ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders, and piſh'd at every line of it; 'One would wonder (ſays he) at the ſtrange preſumption of ſome 'men; Homer is no ſuch eaſy task, that every ſtripling, every 'verſifier — he was going on, when my wife call'd to dinner: 'Sir, ſaid I, will you pleaſe to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. 'Lintot, ſaid he, I am ſorry you ſhould be at the expence of this 'great book, I am really concern'd on your account — Sir I am 'much oblig'd to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, to-'gether with a ſlice of pudding — Mr. Lintot, I do not ſay but 'Mr. Pope, if he would condeſcend to adviſe with men of learn-

'ing — Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you pleaſe to go 'in — My critic complies, he comes to a taſte of your poetry, 'and tells me in the ſame breath, that the book is commendable, 'and the pudding excellent.

Now Sir (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the frankneſs I have ſhewn, pray tell me, 'Is it the opinion of your friends at court 'that my Lord Lanſdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hop'd it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. 'That may be (reply'd Mr. 'Lintot) but if he is not, I ſhall loſe the printing of a very good 'trial."

Theſe my Lord are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to Lord Carlton at Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudic'd by my pen, and the pleaſures from them only to be equal'd when I meet you. I hope in a few days to caſt my ſelf from your horſe at your feet. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXI.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

[*In anſwer to a Letter, in which he incloſed the Deſcription of Buckingham-houſe written by him to the D. of* Sh.]

PLINY was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay two houſes, as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe if any of his contemporary authors durſt have inform'd the publick where they lodg'd, we ſhould have found the

garrets of Rome as well inhabited as thoſe of Fleetſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodgings at all: he firſt introduc'd himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota* — an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm, but in one of his ſatires he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I think he would have talk'd ſo feelingly of the ſhortneſs of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have chang'd both his houſes for your Grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter; and muſt be own'd to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by the large country ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make, by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detach'd one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me if I ſay nothing of the Front, indeed I don't know which it is? A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed who endeavour'd to get into this houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect, after the entry through the Porch, to be let into the Hall; alas nothing leſs! you find your ſelf in the

houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinc'd by a flight of birds about your ears and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chappel, you find its altars like thoſe of the Ancients, continually ſmoaking, but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchin.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flank'd on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: The walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty match-lock musket or two, which we were inform'd had ſerv'd in the civil wars. Here is a vaſt arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers ſcutcheons of painted glaſs: one ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a Knight whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſh'd with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is moulder'd from his monument. The face of Dame Eleanor in another piece, owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but ſigh to think, that the moſt authentick record of ſo ancient a Family ſhould lie at the mercy of every boy that flings a ſtone. In former days, there have dined in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by Uſhers, Sewers, and Seneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an Owl flew hither and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mil-dew'd pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally, as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them. Theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand or

other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole call'd the chaplain's ſtudy; then follow a brewhouſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the ſervants hall, and by the ſide of it, up ſix ſteps, the old Lady's cloſet for her private devotions, which has a lettice into the hall; that at the ſame time ſhe pray'd, ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty-ſix apartments, among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead or a cyder-preſs.

The Kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vaſt Vault to the top of the roof; where the ſame aperture ſerves to let out the ſmoak and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted Tiger ſtuff'd with ten-penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms, you never paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a Band-box. In moſt of theſe there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachne ſpins from her own bowels: Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flaw'd cielings, broken windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decay'd, that after a favourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabbins of Packet-boats. Theſe rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain Rats whoſe very age renders them worthy of this ſeat, for the very Rats of this venerable houſe are gray: ſince theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the

ſmall remnant the poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtance left them, in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never ſeen half what I have deſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walk'd out of its frame. He entertain'd us as we paſs'd from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when we came to the Cellar. He informed us where ſtood the triple rows of buts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hoop'd hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This (ſays he, with tears) was poor Sir Tho-"mas! once maſter of all this drink! He had two ſons, poor "young maſters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they "both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own "legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhow us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding ſtone-ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nail'd up, and our guide whiſper'd to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: It ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter is huſht up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſcription: but what engaged me in it was a generous principle, to preſerve the memory of that, which it ſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay perhaps part of it before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant? and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof? Any one who ſees it will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the Dead. I had been to blame indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe to endeavour to converſe with ſome of the beſt of 'em, and ſhall therefore as ſoon as poſſible tell you in perſon how much I am, &c.

LETTER CXXII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOur Lordſhip may be ſurpriz'd at the liberty I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with ſome others who better deſerv'd it. I hope you will not wonder if I am ſtill deſirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful ſervant; but I own I have an ambition yet farther to have others think me ſo, which is the occaſion I give your Lordſhip the trouble of this. Poor Parnell, before he dyed, left me the charge of publiſhing theſe few remains of his: I have a ſtrong deſire to make them, their author, and their publiſher, more conſiderable, by addreſſing and dedicating 'em all to you. There is a pleaſure in bearing teſtimony to Truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at leaſt is as excuſable as any vanity can be. I beg you my Lord, to allow me to gratify it, in prefixing this paper of honeſt verſes to the book. I ſend the book it ſelf, which I dare ſay you'll receive more ſatisfaction in peruſing, than you can from any thing

written upon the ſubject of your ſelf. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for ſuch an addition to it? All I ſhall ſay for it is, that 'tis the only Dedication I ever writ, and ſhall be the only one, whither you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a leſs man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to ſee no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordſhip will tell my Lord Harley that I muſt not do this, you may depend upon a ſuppreſſion of theſe verſes (the only copy whereof I ſend you) but you never ſhall ſuppreſs that great, ſincere, and entire reſpect, with which I am always, my Lord, your, &c.

LETTER CXXIII.

The Earl of OXFORD *to Mr.* POPE.

Bramton Caſtle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure, to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by thoſe we highly value. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes inclos'd? My mind reproach'd me how far ſhort I came of what your great friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me. You ask my conſent to publiſh it: to what ſtreights does this reduce me? I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnel, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I ſhould be glad the world knew You admitted me to your friendſhip: And ſince your affection is too hard for your judgmcnt, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact Copy of the verſes, that I may keep the Original, as a teſtimony of the only Error you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in London, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am Your, &c.

OXFORD.

LETTERS

TO and FROM

Dr. ATTERBURY Biſhop of *Rocheſter.*

From 1716 to 1723.

LETTER CXXIV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER *to Mr.* POPE.

Decemb. 1716.

I Return your * Preface, which I have read twice with pleaſure. The modeſty and good ſenſe there is in it, muſt pleaſe every one that reads it: And ſince there is nothing that can offend, I ſee not why you ſhould ballance a moment about printing it — always provided, that there is nothing ſaid there which you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter: of which you your ſelf are the beſt and the only judge. This is my ſincere opinion, which I give, becauſe you ask it: and which I would not give tho' ask'd, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being ſenſible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpoſe in things of this nature; which I never underſtood well,

* The General Preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, firſt printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

and now underſtand ſomewhat leſs than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; eſpecially ſince you have had the goodneſs often, and patiently, to hear what I have ſaid againſt rhime, and in behalf of blank verſe; with little diſcretion perhaps, but I am ſure without the leaſt prejudice: being myſelf equally incapable of writing well in either of thoſe ways, and leaning therefore to neither ſide of the queſtion, but as the appearance of reaſon inclines me. Forgive me this error if it be one; an error of above thirty years ſtanding, and which therefore I ſhall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you: or if I do, ſhall I hope have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is as much as any man can be, Yours, &c.

LETTER CXXV.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER *to Mr.* POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Have nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy ſubject, with an account of which the printed papers have furniſh'd me, but what you have already ſaid to your ſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own Eaſe and Happineſs. You have it now in your power, to purſue that method of thinking and living which you like beſt. Give me leave, (if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind) to congratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you, that there is no man living, who wiſhes you better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute any way to your ſatisfaction or ſervice. * * * * *

I return you your Milton, which upon collation, I find to be reviſed, and augmented in ſeveral places, as the title page of my

third edition pretends it to be. When I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſſages alter'd and added by the author, beſide what you mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer and the majeſty of Virgil with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I us'd to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatneſs, and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a ſerious truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet my hand to it,

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continued ſo ill that he receiv'd no meſſages; oblige me ſo far as to let me know how he does; at the ſame time I ſhall know how you do, and that will be a double ſatisfaction to your, &c.

LETTER CXXVI.

The Anſwer.

My Lord, *Nov.* 20, 1717.

I Am truly oblig'd by your kind condoleance on my Father's death, and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, thaty ou include in that wiſh both my Spiritual and my Temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is

true, I have loſt a Parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent: But that was not my only tye: I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi* —— and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

——— *nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

A rigid Divine may call it a carnal tye, but ſure it is a virtuous one. At leaſt I am more certain that it is a Duty of Nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am of any Speculative point whatever.

——— *Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli*
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this Separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did of the ſucceſs of ſuch an Adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive Divinity.) Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, I mean as well in the Religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in any other. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of *Joyning* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly advis'd me to read the beſt Books of Controverſies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old: for I loved reading, and my father had no other books. There was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James the ſecond: I warm'd my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found my ſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read. I am afraid moſt Seekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as out-witted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And af-

ter all, I verily believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another; and that all honeſt and reaſonable chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God and live in peace with their Neighbour.

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you. It is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for Active life, I want health for it; and beſides it is a real truth, I have leſs Inclination (if poſſible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſ-reliſh of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis call'd ſo, for to me it always ſeem'd to be rather *ſtooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politick and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my Politicks, I think no further than how to preſerve the peace of my life in any Government under which I live; nor in my Religion, than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience in any Church with which I communicate. I hope all Churches and all Governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater Inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the Papal power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over Princes or States. I am a Catholick, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute Prince, I would be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not: I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee, are not a Roman Catholick, or a French Catholick, or a Spaniſh Catholick, but a true Catholick: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties! You ſee my Lord, I end like a

preacher: but this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever

Your, &c.

LETTER CXXVII.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have ſome time ago receiv'd the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as inſtances (how ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health, and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promis'd to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticize from Virgil to theſe Tales, as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a Prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you: The fate of the South-ſea Scheme has, ſooner than I expected, verify'd what you told me. Moſt people thought the time wou'd come, but no man prepar'd for it, no man conſider'd it would come *like a Thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſh'd the Avaritious as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf: the thirſt of gain was their crime, that thirſt continued became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had, (among whom is your humble ſervant) I would have them ſenſible of their felicity; and convinced of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who after half his eſtate was ſwallowed up by the *Directors* of thoſe days, reſolv'd, that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt?

Men ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the univerſal Poverty, which is the conſequence of univerſal Avarice, and which will fall hardeſt upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The Univerſal deluge of the South Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is ſome comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to ſurvive and rule the world by it. I am much pleas'd with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's: he ſays the Government and South-ſea company have only lock't up the mony of the people upon conviction of their Lunacy, (as is uſual in the caſe of lunaticks) and intend to reſtore 'em as much as may be fit for ſuch people, as faſt as they ſhall ſee 'em return to their ſenſes.

The latter part of your letter does me ſo much honour, and ſhews me ſo much kindneſs, that I muſt both be proud and pleas'd in a great degree; but I aſſure you, my Lord, much more the laſt than the firſt. For I certainly know and feel in my own heart, which truly reſpects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality one way; but I find not the leaſt ſymptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the beſt reaſon I know for my being pleas'd, is that you continue your favour toward me: the beſt I know for being proud, wou'd be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be ſuch a phyſician as does not only *repair* but *improve*. I am with the ſincereſt eſteem and acknowledgment, Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXXVIII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales and Mr. Gay's books I receiv'd not till Monday night, together with your letter for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever ſince I return'd hither from Weſtminſter on ſaturday night laſt; it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing: This is the firſt letter that I have ventur'd upon, which will be written I fear *vaccilantibus literis*, as Tully ſays Tyro's Letters were after his recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you: it is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in latin, which may in a few words ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves.

JOHANNI DRYDENO,

Cui Poeſis Anglicana
Vim ſuam, ac Veneres debet;
Et ſiqua in poſterum augebitur laude,
Eſt adhuc debitura:
Honoris ergo P. &c.

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair as you your ſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's Name only below, and his Buſto above, may not lines like theſe be grav'd juſt under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt,
Here fix'd his name, and there his lawrel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or thus —

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praiſe is Impertinent; and Cenſure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you ſhould not once in your life time again think of it.

And now Sir for your *Arabian Tales.* Ill as I have been, almoſt ever ſince they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I ſhall read while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo Romantick an air, and allowing for the difference of Eaſtern manners, are yet upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance, (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding) that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens, which at firſt glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them they appear ſo extravagant, diſpropotion'd, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object. They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images; but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance: and to read them with pleaſure would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which I dare ſay I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croiſe* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but

obſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of Dreſs, Furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and believe me, I wou'd do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read 'em over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a Prophet in reſpect of the S. Sea, ſorry I mean as far as your loſs is concern'd: for in the general I ever was and ſtill am of opinion, that had the project taken root and flouriſh'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that whichſoever way it had leaned, it muſt have born down all before it — But of the dead we muſt ſpeak gently: and therefore as Mr. Dryden ſays ſomewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventur'd, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries! a thought, under which a good, and a good natur'd man that grew rich by ſuch means, could not (I perſuade my ſelf) be perfectly eaſy. Adieu and believe me ever Your, &c.

LETTER CXXIX.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 26.

YOU are not your ſelf gladder you are well than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe my ſelf with the thought that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recovered it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your * Verſes, and with the freedom of an honeſt, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you,

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

that tho' I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's but yours, yet as they are yours and to be own'd as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet: and might, if follow'd by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſh'd fame: but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oft'ner it is read, the more it will be admir'd. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath your ſelf: 'tis your misfortune now to write without a rival, and you may be tempted by that means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, tho' I have a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of Lords to day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe having no other at hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt heartily, and am ever Yours, &c.

I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot * the Latin M. S. which I could not find when you left me; and am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner of that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is call'd —what that means in Engliſh or French, I can't ſay —but all he ſays is in ſo looſe and ſlippery and trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes.

To be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of Truth and Falſhood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſh'd from each other? Could that bleſſed point be made out (as it is a contradi-

* Of Huetius, left after his death.

ction in terms to ſay it can,) we ſhould then be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched ſtate in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad to exchange my reaſon, with a dog for his inſtinct, to morrow.

LETTER CXXX.

Lord Chancellor HARCOURT *to Mr.* POPE.

Decemb. 6.

I Cannot but ſuſpect my ſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendſhip draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you that my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendſhip, and I aſſure my ſelf you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear (viz.) renounced, deſerted, &c. *deny'd* is capable in my opinion of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great eaſineſs, or more good nature than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſider them.

Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to ſpeak.

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without further diſcourſing you, reconcile my ſelf to the firſt part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and I perſuade my ſelf for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you,) ſeems to carry too doubtful a con-

ſtruction for an Epitaph, which as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me ſee you any morning next week. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXI.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER *to Mr.* POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confin'd to my bed-chamber, and to the matted-room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing to be carry'd down even into the parlour to dinner, unleſs when company to whom I cannot excuſe my ſelf, comes, which I am not ill pleas'd to find is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ſunny part of the year: what muſt I expect, when

——*inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum?*

"If theſe things be done in the green tree, what ſhall be done "in the dry." Excuſe me for employing a ſentence of ſcripture on this occaſion; I apply it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oft'ner; tho' I am afraid you will have little pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing that you ſay in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and poſſeſs'd of that image at the end of his copy, *a la malade*, had you not beſtow'd it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember 'em, becauſe you forget nothing.

With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhimes and words [appear and clear] that the couplet but one after that does — and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

So Light'nings in a ſtormy Air,
Scorch more than when the Sky is fair.

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements, and you will ſay true: for at preſent, I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, elſe I would have done it, to have ſhew'd his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he deſired, at the feet of Spencer, and I will take care to make good in every reſpect what I ſaid to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph; which while we were in good terms, I promis'd him ſhou'd never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Weſtminſter.

I am pleas'd to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's: may both continue till I ſee you! may my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot ſend a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs, and yet I am ſure I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXII.

From the ſame.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithſtanding I write this on Sunday evening to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning, yet I foreſee it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning: and before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire; and God knows that is far from being the caſe. For I never part from this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii* or *Seboſi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints ſo well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle, which is a very agreeable one if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon; he has been ſick I know of ſome late tranſactions, but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I prophecy it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London-friends, and a ſurfeit of ſolitude will ſoon make him change his reſolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London-journal or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require my attendance at Weſtminſter; where I hope the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candleſtick. In ſhort I long to ſee you, and hope you will come,

if not a day, yet at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now I thank God as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe, but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcourag'd from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you I think have been dabling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die. Yours, &c.

P. S. Mr. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſett of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by (1) a dead man (2) to a dead man; and even that the new (3) patron to whom Mr. Tickell choſe to inſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they were publiſh'd. Had I been in the Editor's place I ſhould have been a little apprehenſive for my ſelf, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You ſee when I am converſing with you I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

(1) Mr. Addiſon. (2) Mr. Craggs. (3) Lord Warwick.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PErmit me dear Sir to break into your retirement, and to deſire of you a compleat copy of thoſe verſes on Mr. Addiſon *; ſend me alſo your laſt reſolution which ſhall punctually be obſerv'd in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again ſolicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece of your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much: it has pleaſed every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneer'd at in a line or ſo, for the ſake of the pleaſure I ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talk'd my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot ſay: but it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleas'd ſometimes to read what was written by his humble Servant.

* An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's ſurprize, who never would give any.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIV.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the Deanery, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which I think you no leſs account your own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true Friends of it, and to your pow'r its protector. Tho' the noiſe and daily buſtle for the publick be now over, I dare ſay a good man is ſtill tendring its welfare; as the Sun in the winter, when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better ſeaſon. No man wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquility than I, who know you ſhou'd underſtand the value of it: but I don't wiſh you a jot leſs concern'd or leſs active than you are, in all ſincere, and therefore warm deſires of publick good.

I beg the kindneſs (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as ſoon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper viſit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Viſiter, but your Lodger, and I accuſe my ſelf of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me) but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend: As long (my Lord) as you will let me call you ſo, (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what I think I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity) I ſhall eſteem my ſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the Southſea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhou'd be troubled a-new by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh, *quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas* — that you may teach me how to do the ſame: who, with-

out any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a Great man. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend, (or under what other denomination ſoever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo I hope every day that we live: for to tell you the truth I like you as I like my ſelf, beſt, when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engag'd in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was plac'd: but God, that knows my heart, knows, I never lov'd it: and am ſtill leſs in love with it than ever, as I find leſs temptation to act with any hope of ſucceſs. If I am good for any thing, 'tis in *Angulo cum Libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been ſpent, and perhaps muſt ſtill be ſpent, far otherwiſe. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in any poſt or in any reſpect, how little ſoever I may like my employment, and how hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſcharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am oblig'd to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart deſpiſe. Let them think as they will, ſo I might be at liberty to act as I will, and ſpend my time in ſuch a manner as is moſt agreeable to me. I cannot ſay I do ſo now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not uſe them to my ſatisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy * manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be ſo taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly reſign my ſelf in every thing. I am, &c.

* In his Lady's laſt Sickneſs.

LETTER CXXXVI.

March 19, 1721-2.

I Am extreamly ſenſible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in abſence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to your ſelf on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is, in you, inſeparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh inſtance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, to ſhew you in a point of view the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt like Nebuchadnezzar of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthen'd in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles, (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion.)

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retir'd, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy your ſelf (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the Fathers of the De-

ſert. Here you may think (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly tho' taken from his worſt work)

That in Eliah's banquet you partake,
Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel, at his Pulſe.

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſire I ſhould, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would ſee Lord C * or any body elſe, I have another chariot, beſides that little one you laugh'd at when you compar'd me to Homer in a nut-ſhell. But if you would be entirely private, no body ſhall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquieſcence, nay with more willing acquieſcence, (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER CXXXVII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNder all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach to write to you; the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinc'd, that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ſhift to flatter my ſelf ſometimes with the thought, that it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reaſon, does for a few moments make me eaſy — however not eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not anſwer your kind letter: I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do ſo, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll ſee no

body but you and your mother, and the ſervants. Viſits to Statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) inſipid things; let the men that expect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they ſhall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much, and I ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both of us keep our diſtance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only: A Preſident of the council, or a ſtar and garter will make no more impreſſion upon my mind, at ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bagpipe, or the ſight of a poppet-ſhow. I have ſaid to Greatneſs ſometime ago — *Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.* The Time is not far off when we ſhall all be upon the level: and I am reſolv'd for my part to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: for he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let themhave more Virtue and leſs Pride: and then I'll court them as much as any body: but till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward Trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are: tho' I truſt in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking — when I ſat down to write I intended only to excuſe my ſelf for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer when I muſt diſlodge. I am preparing for it: For I am at this moment building a Vault in the Abby for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abby, becauſe of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the weſt door of it; as far from Kings and Kæſars as the ſpace will admit of.

I know not but I may ſtep to town to morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I wou'd not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will coſt you nothing, and that our priviledge

of Franking (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allow'd us. Yours, &c.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aſide between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my pow'r, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effac'd.

Lord * has preſs'd me terribly to ſee him at * and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſh'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my ſun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: If they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply my ſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing my ſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at

laſt they may be induc'd to let me be quiet, and live to my ſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like: For that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; tho' I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of my ſelf; when I ſat down to write I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure without my telling you, that my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have overflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation at the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards employing me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. Pray explain your ſelf, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earneſt on ſuch an occaſion than I; for I love you, as well as eſteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thruſh have been ſeverally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain: Nor ſhould I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too faſt hold on me. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXIX.

From the Same.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written firſt, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him, in the manner I deſir'd? I ſuppoſe you did not, becauſe I have heard nothing either from

you, or from him on that head: as I ſuppoſe I might have done if you had found him.

I am ſick of theſe Men of quality; and the more ſo, the oftner I have any buſineſs to tranſact with them. They look upon it as one of their diſtinguiſhing priviledges, not to be punctual in any buſineſs, of how great importance ſoever; nor to ſet other people at eaſe, with the loſs of the leaſt part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

I long to ſee the original M. S. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated aſſiſtance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what paſs'd in the coach about Sampſon Agoniſtes. I ſhan't preſs you as to time, but ſometime or other, I wiſh you would review, and poliſh that piece. If upon a new peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the Ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improv'd, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of Tragick poetry—always allowing for its being a ſtory taken out of the Bible, which is an objection, that at this time of day, I know is not to be got over. I am, &c.

LETTER CXL.

July 27.

I Have been as conſtantly at Twitenham, as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Malborough's funeral, I intend to lye at the Deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the Vanity of human Glory. —

The Dutcheſſes letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe. I muſt keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare

hope your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one Friend] Your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and chriſtian plainneſs, tell her that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of Friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I've repreſented to her, that an Inſcription in the antient way, plain, pompous, and yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it: And ſo I hope ſhe will be ſatisfied, the Duke's Honour be preſerv'd, and my Integrity alſo: which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in conſideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or diſtinction whatever, which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never ſo much as when they imagine us under any obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind tranſition you make, from common buſineſs to that which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſonable creature: Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho' not ſo much as I ought. I am pleas'd with thoſe latin verſes extreamly, which are ſo very good that I thought 'em yours, till you call'd 'em an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *diſjecti membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am ſo totally in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civilleſt method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have 'em. I ought, firſt, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, eſpecially the Moraliſts, &c. before I can be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and ſublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and charity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide to Your, &c.

LETTER CXLI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Ducheſs juſt as you deſir'd, and referr'd her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather, becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and if it had not been ſo, you your ſelf ſhould not have induc'd me to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay: eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concern'd, but ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to morrow to the Deanery, and I believe I ſhall ſtay there, till I have ſaid Duſt to duſt, and ſhut up that † laſt ſcene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of the year; and I know I ſhall often ſay to my ſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quanda ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In that caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus intreating me,

At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus & capiti in-humato
Particulam dare ——
Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa; licebit
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

† This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Aug. 1722.

There is an anſwer for me ſome where in *Hamlet* to this requeſt, which you remember tho' I don't — *Poor Ghoſt, thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!* — or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I ſhould always, could I always be here —

——— *Sed me*
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

You are the firſt man I ſent to this morning, and the laſt man I deſire to converſe with this evening, tho' at twenty miles diſtance from you,

Te veniente die, Te decedente, requiro.

LETTER CXLII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Dear Sir, *The* Tower, *April* 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all the inſtances of your friendſhip, both before, and ſince my misfortunes. A little time will compleat them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs to me; and will pleaſe my ſelf with the thought, that I ſtill live in your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no diſtance of time or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valu'd you ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allow'd to tell you ſo: as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful

ſervices to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he ſent me; which was much to the purpoſe, if any thing can be ſaid to be to the purpoſe, in a caſe that is already determin'd. Let him know my Defence will be ſuch, that neither my friends need bluſh for me, nor will my enemies have great occaſion of Triumph, tho' ſure of the Victory. I ſhall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I queſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary toward the diſpatch of my private affairs. If ſo, God bleſs you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to ſay ſomewhat about my way of ſpending my time at the Deanery, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing Plots and conſpiracies. But of that I ſhall conſider — You and I have ſpent many hours together upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now till I have clos'd this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will (I know) readily and not without ſome degree of concern, apply to Your ever affectionate, &c.

Some natural Tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
The World was all before him, where to chooſe
His place of reſt, and Providence his Guide.

LETTER CXLIII.

The Anſwer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for ſome time paſt: and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt comfort I had was an intention

(which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey; to which I had brought that perſon to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a tye, which tho' it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong than that of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or ſecret conveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whiſper or even the wiſh of a friend muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected: by this way, I dare tell my eſteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove your ſelf, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me: and aſſuring me it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do your ſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice. The inſtruments of your Fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the publick even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon: is it not the latter, the diſgrac'd part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have liv'd?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But God knows I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country (ſo torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope, that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftner or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs, that we feel for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, tho' I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent Spirits, who tho' we never ſee or hear them, we think are conſtantly ſerving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you, I ſhall conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me: and every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have diſtinguiſh'd me, how cordially you have advis'd me! In converſation, in ſtudy, I ſhall always want you, and wiſh for you. In my moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours, I ſhall equally bear about me, the impreſſions of you: And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I ſhall have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the Friendſhip of the Biſhop of Rocheſter. I am, &c.

LETTER CXLIV.

To the ſame.

May 2, 1723.

ONce more I write to you as I promis'd, and this once I fear will be the laſt! the Curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that Sleep of the ſoul which ſome have believ'd is to ſucceed it,

where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Poſterity: and perhaps at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critique on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never ſuffer your Age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it: To ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt Lights of antiquity dazled and blazed the moſt; in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will in-

fallibly influence men whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as ones ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit enter'd into another life, as one juſt upon the edge of Immortality, where the Paſſions and Affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean Retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you: But take care, that it be not with Pity, but with Eſteem and Admiration.

I am with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your Fame as well as Happineſs, Your, &c.

The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into Exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

LETTERS

LETTERS

To and from Mr. GAY.

From 1712 to 1732.

LETTER CXLV.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

YOU writ me a very kind Letter ſome months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonſhire. That hinder'd my anſwering you, and I have ſince ſeveral times enquired of you, without any ſatisfaction; for ſo I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I paſt two months in Suſſex, and ſince my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no anſwer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been ſilent all this year: I believe he has been diſpleas'd at ſome or other of my freedoms, which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have open'd to you: and, if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for your ſelf, which if I had any inte-

reſt in the world, or power with thoſe who have, I ſhou'd not be long without manifeſting to you. I deſire you will not, either out of modeſty, or a vicious diſtruſt of another's value for you, (thoſe two eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and converſation are not always welcome to me. There's no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than my ſelf, and I have ſeen too much of thoſe qualities in you to be any thing leſs than Your, &c.

LETTER CXLVI.

Dec. 24, 1712.

IT has been my good fortune within this month paſt to hear more things that have pleas'd me, than (I think) almoſt in all my time beſide. But nothing upon my word has been ſo home-felt a ſatisfaction as the news you tell me of your ſelf: and you are not in the leaſt miſtaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good ſucceſs: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natur'd man can boaſt of. I may with honeſty affirm to you, that notwithſtanding the many inconveniencies and diſadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res anguſti domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing 'em ſome real ſervice. For after all, if we could but think a little, Self-love might make us philoſophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura.* Ourſelves are eaſily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumſtantials, and the Apparatus or equipage of human life, that coſts ſo much the furniſhing: Only what a luxurious man wants for horſes and foot-men, a good-natur'd man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I ſhall ſee you this winter with much greater pleaſure than I could the laſt; and I hope as much of your time as your atten-

dance on the Ducheſs will allow you to ſpare to any friend, will not be thought loſt upon one who is as much ſo as any man. I muſt alſo put you in mind, tho' you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewiſe Secretary to nine other Ladies, and are to write ſometimes for them too: He who is forc'd to live wholly upon their favours is indeed in a precarious condition; but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only paſſes a few hours with them at his leiſure, and away. I am Yours, &c.

LETTER CXLVII.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I receiv'd yours, I was ſet down to write to you, with ſome ſhame that I had ſo long deferr'd it. But I can hardly repent my neglect when it gives me the knowledge how little you inſiſt upon ceremony, and how much a greater ſhare in your memory I have than I deſerve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain till I become by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans Formarum ſpectator*. I begin to diſcover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me: every corner of an eye, or turn of a noſe or ear, the ſmalleſt degree of light or ſhade on a cheek: or in a dimple, have charms to diſtract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plauſible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the Plain-dealer has it) but am in ſome danger even from the ugly and diſagreeable, ſince they may have their retired beauties in one trait or other about 'em. You may gueſs in how uneaſy a ſtate I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more deſpicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swift's, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Ducheſs of Montague, beſides half a dozen Earls, and

one Knight of the garter: I have crucify'd Chriſt over-again in effigie, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne: Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rival'd St. Luke himſelf in painting, and as 'tis ſaid an Angel came and finiſh'd his piece, you would ſwear a devil put the laſt hand to mine, 'tis ſo begrim'd and ſmutted. However I comfort my ſelf with the reflection that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the waters under the earth: neither will any body adore or worſhip them, except the Indians ſhould have a ſight of 'em, who they tell us worſhip certain idols purely for their uglineſs.

I am very much recreated and refreſh'd with the news of the advancement of the *Fan*, which I doubt not will delight the eye and ſenſe of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine ſhall play in the hands of poſterity. I am glad your Fan is mounted ſo ſoon, but I would have you varniſh and glaze it at your leiſure, and poliſh the ſticks as much as you can. You may then cauſe it to be born in the hands of both ſexes, no leſs in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fan himſelf cool after a debate, and a Stateſman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lye. I am, &c.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Dear Mr. Gay, *Sept.* 23, 1714.

WElcome to your native ſoil! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in glory, bleſt with court-intereſt, the love and familiarity of the great, and fill'd with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: whether return'd a Triumphant Whig or a deſponding Tory, equally all hail, equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your

elevation; if unhappy, you have ſtill a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worſt of times at your ſervice. If you are a Tory, or thought ſo by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour'd to ſerve you, and whoſe politicks were never your concern. If you are a Whig, (as I rather hope and as I think your principles and mine, as brother poets, had ever a byaſs to the ſide of Liberty) I know you will be an honeſt man and an inoffenſive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being ſo much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you ſince the Queen's death. I told 'em, no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage: This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him ſo every month. But they had reaſons too themſelves to alledge in your excuſe; as men who really value one another will never want ſuch as make their friends and themſelves eaſy. The late univerſal concern in publick affairs threw us all into a hurry of ſpirits; even I who am more a Philoſopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Succeſſor. During your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a ſort of ſhooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me to write fifty verſes a day, beſides learned notes, all which are at a concluſion for this year. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inſeperable ever ſince you went: We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer ſhall ſupport his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Poſthouſe in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill ſtate of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince, or Princeſs. On whatſoever foot you may be with the Court, this can do no harm —

I ſhall never know where to end, and am confouded in the many things I have to ſay to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely as ever Your, &c.

LETTER CXLIX.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Am extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Forteſcue, that you have receiv'd one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greateſt of curioſities, that letter of mine which you receiv'd and I never writ.

But the truth is, we were made here to expect you in a ſhort time, that I was upon the ramble moſt part of the Summer, and have concluded the ſeaſon in grief, for the death of my poor Father.

I ſhall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles for two reaſons; becauſe I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and becauſe they are not the concerns and troubles of any but my ſelf. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he died eaſily, without a groan, or the ſickneſs of two minutes, in a word, as ſilently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, ſicque mori!

I am not in the humour to ſay gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes. I am only ſorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wiſh you paid ſome hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffenſive perſon to me too; ſo that we may join heartily in our addreſſes to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all

that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing our ſelves.

I ſhould not forget to acknowledge your letter ſent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and I find ſince you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is ſo bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother-Poets of theſe days.

All your Correſpondents have receiv'd your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would ſend my ſervices to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make ſome compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if ſhe were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me ſhe has as much out-ſhin'd all the French ladies, as ſhe did the Engliſh before. I am ſorry for it, becauſe it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women ſhould eclypſe thoſe Nuns and orthodox beauties, in whoſe eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have of gaining ſuch fine gentlemen as you to our church. Your, &c.

I wiſh you joy of the birth of the young Prince, becauſe he is the only Prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no diſappointments.

LETTER CL.

From Mr. GAY *to Mr.* F——

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old

authors, of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have eſcap'd : the only thing that is proof againſt it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtands ſtill undefac'd, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed ! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſate two much more conſtant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-ſet man of about five and twenty ; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age : They had paſs'd thro' the various labours of the year together with the greateſt ſatisfaction ; if ſhe milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand ; it was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chooſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood ; for ſcandal never affirm'd that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppys and field flowers to her complection, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of July between two or three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightned, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſate down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder ; every one was ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to

one another throughout the field. No anſwer being return'd to thoſe who called to our Lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoak, and then ſpy'd this faithful pair; John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning. They were both ſtruck dead in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eye-brow was ſing'd, and there appear'd a black ſpot on her breaſt; her Lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be plac'd over them, upon condition that we ſhould furniſh the Epitaph, which is as follows;

When Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful fair expire;
Here pitying heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd.
Sent his own lightning, and the Victims ſeiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the country people will not underſtand this, and Mr. Pope ſays he'll make one with ſomething of ſcripture in it, and with as little poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

Your, &c.

LETTER CLI.

Dear Gay, *Sept.* 11, 1722.

I Thank you for remembring me. I would do my beſt to forget my ſelf, but that I find your idea is ſo cloſely connected to me, that I muſt forget both together, or neither. I'm ſorry I could not have a glympſe either of you, or of the Sun (your ſa-

ther) before you went for Bath: But now it pleaſes me to ſee him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this ſide of the world who loves him: and that there are more men and women in the univerſe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Ducheſs. There are Ladies in and about Richmond that pretend to value him and your ſelf; and one of 'em at leaſt may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray conſult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Chene, to what exact pitch your belly may be ſuffer'd to ſwell, not to outgrow theirs, who are yet your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pyes and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for thoſe that have been ſent to the Biſhop of Rocheſter are open'd, and pry'd into at the Tower; 'tis the firſt time dead pigeons have been ſuſpected of carrying intelligence. To be ſerious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be ſenſible of my concern and ſurprize at his commitment, whoſe welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think my ſelf a moſt unfortunate wretch: I no ſooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my eſteem to any man, but he either dies like Mr. Craggs, or is ſent to impriſonment like the Biſhop. God ſend him as well as I wiſh him, manifeſt him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addreſs'd to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor it is writ to them. I am your, &c.

LETTER CLII.

July 13, 1722.

I Was very much pleas'd, not to ſay oblig'd, by your kind letter, which ſufficiently warm'd my heart to have anſwer'd it ſooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often is deceiv'd) by

hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and your ſelf were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furniſhes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and I aſſure you, none of 'em touch and grieve me ſo much as what relates to you. Your ſentiments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould entertain. I wiſh thoſe we call Great men had the ſame notions, but they are really the moſt little creatures in the world, and the moſt intereſted, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment to know their greateſt intereſt, to encourage and chuſe honeſt men for their friends.

I have not once ſeen the perſon you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apoſtle admoniſheth, one fleſh with his wife.

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a ſtronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almoſt any one of his rank. I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, tho' I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you ſomething or other in a letter which ſhe ſays ſhe repents: ſhe has as much good nature as if ſhe had never ſeen any ill nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, inſtead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Forteſcue will paſs a few days with me: we ſhall remember you in our potations, and wiſh you a fiſher with us, on my graſs-plat. In the mean time we wiſh you ſucceſs as a fiſher of women at the wells, a rejoycer of the comfortleſs and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER CLIII.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I Think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give my self entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters, and be assur'd I not only wish that and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly use my endeavour to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends; and if there are any whom I have unwillingly deserv'd so little of as to be my enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment, in any case: Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him: If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am; therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and yours.

LET-

LETTER CLIV.

I Faithfully aſſure you, in the midſt of that melancholy with which I have been ſo long encompaſſed, in an hourly expectation of my Mother's death; there was no circumſtance that render'd it more inſupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent eſcape from ſo imminent danger, I pray God may prove leſs precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whoſe life at beſt can be but a ſhort reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will pleaſe to grant me; for, theſe two days paſt, her moſt dangerous ſymptoms are return'd upon her; and unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt in a few days if not in a few hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it, as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may encreaſe) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my heart, I am exceſſively concern'd not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt I very gratefully remember I owe you on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in her laſt great Illneſs. May your health augment as faſt as I fear hers muſt decline! I believe that would be very faſt — may the Life that is added to you be paſt in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to your ſelf, than from any expectations or truſt in others. May you and I live together, without wiſhing more felicity or acquiſitions than Friendſhip can give and receive without obligation to Greatneſs. God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth the ſurviving my Mother. Adieu dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live) Your, &c.

As I told you in my laſt letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER CLV.

I Truly rejoyc'd to ſee your hand-writing, tho' I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wiſh I had not known that you are ſtill ſo exceſſively weak. Every day for a week paſt I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to ſee you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no ſtrength, and ſeems upon the whole to wait but for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that muſt if it return carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, leaſt that ſhould prove to be her laſt. God ſend you a ſpeedy recovery, and ſuch a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind, or good. That was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindneſs, I really have for you; and whatever good I could do, I wou'd among the very firſt be glad to do to you. In your circumſtance, the old Roman farewel is proper, *Vive! memor noſtri.*

I ſend you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have paſs'd concerning you.

LETTER CLVI.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it was not, and is not leſſen'd by the immediate apprehenſion I have now every day been under of loſing my Mother. Be aſſur'd, no duty leſs than that ſhould have kept me one day from attending you in your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampſtead to be with you daily, were ſhe not

ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health. I really beg it for my own ſake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the Southern part of France, may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your ſuff'rings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court: Even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe you my entire friendſhip in all events, heartily praying for your recovery. Yours, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER CLVII.

I Am glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the conſolation you were to me in my Mother's former illneſs, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I wou'd have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſt five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs. Blount) were contented to ſend

meſſages. I never paſs'd ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly: It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away ſomething dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched Individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it,

With added days if Life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleaſure thro';
Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis alas too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.

Your, &c.

LETTER CLVIII.

YOU have the ſame ſhare in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be in my mind; only I reflect too ſeldom. However you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends, (and if I did not they would take it) in conſideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembring me, tho' they preſerve for me all the friendſhip and good will which I deſerve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my paſt life of twenty years may be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter ſplenatick, conſider I have juſt receiv'd the news of the death of a friend, whom I eſteem'd almoſt as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died of indolency and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but uſe exerciſe. I hope the Ducheſs

will take care of you in this reſpect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to ſerve inſtead of exerciſe abroad. Mrs. Howard is ſo concern'd about you, and ſo angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the ſame, that I am piqu'd with jealouſy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at Court: which you will confeſs a proper cauſe of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant, or unpenſion'd. But to ſet matters even, I own I love you; and own I am as I ever was, and juſt as I ever ſhall be,

Yours, &c.

LETTER CLIX.

Dear Sir, *Oct.* 16, 1727.

I Have many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; "Bleſſed is he who expects nothing, for he ſhall never "be diſappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy diſmiſſion from all Court-dependance. I dare ſay I ſhall find you the better and the honeſter man for it, many years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many curſed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious Habits, of which few or no men eſcape the infection, who are hackney'd and tramelled in the ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the fools of Peers) will ſmile on you the leſs; but men of worth and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty: But it is worth all they have; and, as yet I thank God, Engliſhmen need not ask it from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the ſatisfactory conſciouſneſs of having *not* merited ſuch graces from Courts as are beſtow'd only on the mean, ſervile, flattering,

intereſted, and undeſerving. The only ſteps to the favour of the Great are ſuch complacencies, ſuch compliances, ſuch diſtant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their paſſions. He is their greateſt favourite, who is the falſeſt: and when a man by ſuch vile gradations arrives at the height of grandeur and pow'r, he is then at beſt but in a circumſtance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for ſerving their ends: So many a Miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you ſent by my Lord Grantham; I preſume you writ it not, without: And you cou'd not have better, if I gueſs right at the perſon who agreed to your doing it, in reſpect to any decency you ought to obſerve: for I take that perſon to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that perſon's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens? — Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly ſpeech: while you are no body's ſervant, you may be any one's friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a ſhilling, you ſhall have ſix-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully Yours, &c.

LETTER CLX.

From Mr. GAY *to Mr.* POPE

Aug. 2, 1728.

'TWAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter: I might indeed have done it ſooner; I thought of you every poſt-day upon that account, and every other day upon ſome account or other. I muſt beg you to give Mrs. Blount my ſincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who ſeem'd in the letter ſhe writ to be in high health and ſpirits. Conſidering the multiplici-

ty of pleaſures and delights that one is over-run with in thoſe places, I wonder how any body hath health and ſpirits enough to ſupport 'em: I am heartily glad ſhe has, and whenever I hear ſo, I find it contributes to mine. You ſee I am not free from Dependance, tho' I have leſs Attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare ſtill depends upon hers. Is the widow's houſe to be diſpos'd of yet? I have not given up my pretenſions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wiſh one of us had it: I hope you wiſh ſo too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wiſh the ſame, and for the very ſame reaſon that I wiſh it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertiſements in news-papers, by which one wou'd think the race of Curls was multiplied; and by the indignation ſuch fellows ſhow againſt you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himſelf hath not been worſe us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Ducheſs makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires with me your fortitude; and loves, not envies your performances, for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

LETTER CLXI.

Aug. 18, 1730.

IF my friendſhip were as effectual as it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd thoſe Popes who were moſt famous for Nepotiſm; 'tis a ſign that the old fellows loved ſomebody, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years: And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extenſive bounty and goodneſs to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a

dinner at this diſtance, nor help the General whom I greatly love to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than my ſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you, an excellent remedy for love! How comes it that providence has been ſo unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive) that I am forc'd to drink wine, while you riot in water prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of Queensberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a high-way ſide, like an old Patriarch receiving all gueſts, where my Portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the Idalian Groves, ſprinkled with roſe-water, and live in burrage, balm and burnet up to the chin, with the Ducheſs of Queensberry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windſor, while you are happily baniſh'd with the Ducheſs of Queensberry? So partial is fortune in her diſpenſations! for I deſerv'd ten times more to be baniſh'd than you, and I know ſome Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend you their ſervices. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe to prevent or excuſe her not doing it her ſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I'll ſay for a courtier) to wiſh you mighty well. Another who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well — I fancy after all, they both do ſo.

I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and Yours, &c.

LET-

LETEER CLXII.

Sept. 11. 1730.

I May with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy with thoſe which he wants. You whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembred as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living: You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind: ſuch I reckon his Grace and her Grace, ſince their baniſhment from an earthly court to an heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for I conclude none but true friends will conſort or aſſociate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon my ſelf (ſo unworthy as a man of Twitenham ſeems to be rank'd with ſuch rectify'd and ſublimated beings as you) as a ſeparated ſpirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But I own, not altogether ſo diveſted of terrene matter, nor altogether ſo ſpiritualized, as to be worthy admiſſion to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often: and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-ſhot of reports, within the vortex of lyes and cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reaſon and religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter: except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the poſt, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this diſtance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midſt of the Colluvies and ſink of human Greatneſs at W——r: one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and

too tranſitory ſtate at Peterſham: one Lord B. who admir'd the Ducheſs before ſhe grew a Goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miſeries here; I muſt ſeriouſly ſay the loſs of any one good woman is too great to be born eaſily, and poor Mrs. Rollinſon, tho' a private woman, was ſuch. Her Husband is gone into Oxfordſhire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for ſuch is our fate and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as if you did not. Believe me Your, &c.

LETTER CLXIII.

Oct. 1, 1730.

I Am ſomething like the Sun at this ſeaſon, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more ſerviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Iriſhman) that the Moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't ſay this with any alluſion to my poetical capacity as a ſon of Apollo, but in my companionable one, (if you'll ſuffer me to uſe a phraſe of the Earl of Clarendon's) for I ſhall ſee or be ſeen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleaſure. I not only, as Dryden finely ſays, *feel my notes decay* as a poet, but feel my ſpirits flag as a companion, and ſhall return again to where I firſt began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to ſome life. A friend, (a woman friend, God help me!) with whom I have ſpent three or four hours a day theſe fifteen

years, adviſed me to paſs more time in my Studies. I reflected, ſhe muſt have found ſome reaſon for this admonition, and concluded ſhe wou'd compleat all her kindneſſes to me by returning me to the employment I am fitteſt for; converſation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatify'd ſpirit, comparing your life with my ſtupid ſtate. For as to my living at Windſor with the ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I ſhall certainly make as little court to others, as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather-friends of the ſummer are going away for London, and I ſhall ſee them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not deſire to do, if it were only for their ſakes. But we that are writers, ought to love poſterity, that poſterity may love us; and I would willingly live to ſee the children of the preſent race, merely in hope they may be a little wiſer than their Parents. I am, &c.

LETTER CLXIV.

Oct. 1730.

IT is true that I write to you very ſeldom, and have no pretence of writing which ſatisfies me, becauſe I have nothing to ſay that can give you much pleaſure: only that I am in being, which in truth is of little conſequence to one from whoſe converſation I am cut off, by ſuch accidents or engagements as ſeparate us. I continue, and ever ſhall, to wiſh you all good and happineſs. I wiſh that ſome lucky event might ſet you in a ſtate of eaſe and independency all at once, and that I might live to ſee you as happy, as this ſilly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections ſtrengthening as my Age

encreaſes: not that I am worſe, but better, in my health than laſt winter: but my mind finds no amendment, nor improvement, nor ſupport to lean upon from thoſe about me: and ſo I feel my ſelf leaving the world, as faſt as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, but thoſe too warm in the concerns of the world for me to keep pace with; or elſe ſo divided from me, that they are but like the dead whoſe remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit, from my youth made me have but one ſtrong deſire; all other Ambitions, my perſon, education, conſtitution, religion, &c. conſpir'd to remove far from me: That deſire was to fix and preſerve a few laſting, dependable friendſhips: and the accidents which have diſappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am ſunk into an idleneſs, which makes me neither care nor labour to be notic'd by the reſt of mankind. I propoſe no rewards to my ſelf, and why ſhould I take any ſort of pains? here I ſit and ſleep, and probably here I ſhall ſleep till I ſleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what paſſes in the buſy world with ſo little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing paſſes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am with the ſame truth as ever, Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXV.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOur letter is a very kind one, but I can't ſay ſo pleaſing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your ſpirits. I wiſh the too conſtant uſe of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing phyſician of that opinion. I alſo wiſh you were not ſo totally immers'd in the country. I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy againſt the evil of too much recollection. I wiſh it partly for my own ſake: We have

liv'd little together of late, and we want to be phyſicians to one another. It was a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our conſtitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum ſimilitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are ſeveral here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which ſeems to be bidding the town a long and laſt adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or ſeeing; the whole age ſeems reſolv'd to juſtify the Dunciad, and it may ſtand for a publick Epitaph or monumental Inſcription, like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people periſh'd!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry ſet up, to preſerve the memory that there once were Bards in Britain; and (like the *Giants* at *Guildhall*) ſhow the bulk and bad taſte of our anceſtors: At preſent the poet Laureat and Stephen Duck ſerve for this purpoſe; a drunken ſot of a *Parſon* holds forth the emblem of *Inſpiration*, and an honeſt induſtrious *Threſher* not unaptly repreſents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltſhire has appear'd at Amesbury, or the Ducheſs will be thought inſenſible to all bright qualities and exalted genius's, in Court and Country alike. But he is a harmleſs man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will pleaſe you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, tho' not in the ſame breath with the Threſher, as they do of me. By the way, have you ſeen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltſhire? I have read thro' his whole volume with admiration of the writer: tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have paſt juſt three days in London in four months, two at Windſor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excurſion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library? adieu. Live mindful of one of your firſt friends, who will be ſo to the laſt. Mrs. Blount deſerves your remembrance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my ſervices:

the contentment you expreſs in their company pleaſes me, tho' it be the barr to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly Your, &c.

LETTER CLXVI.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrel tells me you will ſhortly come to town. We begin to want comfort, in a few friends about us, while the winds whiſtle, and the waters roar. The ſun gives us a parting look, but 'tis but a cold one; we are ready to change thoſe diſtant favours of a lofty beauty, for a groſs material fire that warms and comforts more. I wiſh you cou'd be here till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmleſs creatures; nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conſcience ſake, that you ſhou'd come to town, and that the Ducheſs ſhou'd ſtay in the country, where no innocents of another ſpecies may ſuffer by her. I hope ſhe never goes to church: the Duke ſhou'd lock you both up, and leſs harm would be done. I adviſe you to make Man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truſs up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them freſh, or make them keep: and their Relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a collegue, abſolute and perpetual Dictator of the ſtage; tho' indeed while he lived, he was but as Bibulus to Cæſar. However Ambition finds ſomething to be gratify'd with, in a mere name; or elſe, God have mercy on poor Ambition! Here is a dead vacation at preſent, no politicks at court, no trade in town, nothing ſtirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verſes on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loſs which to prefer, but for

my own part, I like none ſo well as Mr. Poyntz's in latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your muſe on this occaſion: I am ſure I would do as much for the Ducheſs of Queensberry, if ſhe deſir'd it. Several of your friends aſſure me it is expected from you: one ſhould not bear in mind all one's life, any little indignity received from a Court; and therefore I'm in hopes neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of † Miſcellanies is juſt publiſh'd, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and I aſſure you no one more than, Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXVII.

From Mr. GAY *to Mr.* POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I Am at laſt return'd from my Somerſetſhire expedition, but ſince my return I cannot ſo much boaſt of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, ſo as to make me uneaſy and diſpirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excurſions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful proſpects. Sir William Wyndham is at preſent amuſing himſelf with ſome real improvements, and a great many viſionary caſtles. We were often entertain'd with ſea views and ſea fiſh, and were at ſome places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleaſed with Dunſter Caſtle near Minehead: It ſtands upon a great eminence, and hath a proſpect of that town, with an extenſive view of the Briſtol Channel; in which are ſeen two ſmall Iſlands, call'd the ſteep Holms and flat Holms, and on t'other ſide we could plainly diſtinguiſh the diviſions of fields on the Welſh coaſt. All this

† Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, vol. 4.

journey I perform'd on horſeback, and I am very much diſappointed that at preſent I feel my ſelf ſo little the better for it. I have indeed follow'd riding and exerciſe for three months ſucceſſively, and really think I was as well without it: ſo that I begin to fear the illneſs I have ſo long and ſo often complain'd of is inherent in my conſtitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience.

As to your advice about writing Panegyrick, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it ſometimes againſt my judgment and inclination, and I heartily repent of it. And at preſent as I have no deſire of reward, and ſee no juſt reaſon of praiſe, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I wou'd not interfere in any Gentleman's profeſſion. I have ſeen no verſes upon theſe ſublime occaſions, ſo that I have no emulation. Let the Patrons enjoy the Authors and the Authors their Patrons, for I know my ſelf unworthy.

I am, &c.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Circenceſter.

IT is a true ſaying that misfortunes alone prove one's friendſhips: they ſhow us not only other peoples for us, but our own for them. We hardly know our ſelves any otherwiſe. I feel my being forc'd to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to thoſe I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not uſually got the better of my tenderneſſes and affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing I had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the moſt, my Mother's death (eſpecially ſhou'd it happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that I have never ſince I knew you been ſo long ſeparated from you, as I now muſt be. Methinks

we live to be more and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you to live without me: This abſence may, I fear, make my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to you, than once it ſeem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reaſon to diminiſh friendſhip, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal diſorder'd me, notwithſtanding my reſting place at Lord Bathurſt's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks and is in ſpirits all day long: I rejoice to ſee him ſo. It is a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeing my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with 'em, any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow my ſelf. The worſt is, that reading and writing which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preſerve the good opinion of one or two friends, to ſuch a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weakneſſes, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to ſee you conſult your eaſe and quiet, by becoming independent on thoſe who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleaſanter than the former, or preſent. My uneaſineſſes of body I can bear; my chief uneaſineſs of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that wou'd make you *eaſy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happineſs one needs to wiſh in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to loſe that Temper by ſacrificing your ſelf to others, out of a miſtaken tenderneſs which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you muſt do ſoon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L—— to live out of a Court.

You muſt excuſe me for obſerving what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give things up too eaſily: which would be otherwiſe, when you found and felt your ſelf your own: Spirits wou'd come in, as ill-uſage went out.

While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppreſſion, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Senſe*.

You can't conceive how much you would find reſolution riſe, and chearfulneſs grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes acroſs me, and therefore excuſe my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I diſſemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER CLXIX.

To ——

YOur letter dated at nine a clock on Tueſday (night as I ſuppoſe) has ſunk me quite. Yeſterday I hoped; and yeſterday I ſent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one a clock you ſhould have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the preſent cauſe of our trouble be ſo much greater. † Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty ſhare with Mrs. Howard, who has loſt a man of a moſt honeſt heart: ſo honeſt an one, that I wiſh her Maſter had none leſs honeſt about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promiſe it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the paſt. Let us comfort one another, and if poſſible, ſtudy to add as much more friendſhip to each other, as death has depriv'd us of in him: I promiſe you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deſerve more and more of yours.

I purpoſely avoid ſaying more. The ſubject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or eaſe by reaſon or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

† Mr. Gay dyed Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's houſe in London, aged 46.

So will the death of my Mother be! which now I tremble at, now reſign to, now bring cloſe to me, now ſet farther off: Every day alters, turns me about, and confuſes my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous diſtemper is again return'd, her fever coming onward again, tho' leſs in pain; for which laſt however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be call'd a pleaſure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have ſo long lived with, or the loſs of one I have ſo long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the laſt we uſually think of, tho' the only one we ſhould in wiſdom depend upon, in ſuch a diſappointing place as this. I ſit in her room, and ſhe is always preſent before me, but when I ſleep. I wonder I am ſo well: I have ſhed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things ſee you, and think it would comfort you to ſee me ſo equal-temper'd and ſo quiet. But pray dine here: you may, and ſhe know nothing of it; for ſhe dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing leſt it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wiſh he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: Be aſſur'd I love you both, and be farther aſſur'd, that friendſhip will encreaſe as I live on.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO

HUGH BETHEL, Esq; &c.

From 1723 to 1735.

LETTER CLXX.

July 12, 1723.

I Assure you unfeignedly, any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who know those tenders of affection from you, are not like the common traffick of complements and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but if I did want 'em, I shou'd not think my self unhappy in receiving 'em at your hands: this really is some complement, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and allow me to say, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most

admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleaſure or advantage from wit which they ſeldom taſte, or learning which they ſeldom underſtand: much leſs from the quality, high birth, or ſhining circumſtances of thoſe to whom they profeſs eſteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But Humanity and ſociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and ſtill wants more the longer he lives, and moſt the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a Ditch or on a Terras; we ſhould walk in the common way, where others are continually paſſing on the ſame level, to make the journey of life ſupportable by bearing one another company in the ſame circumſtances.--Let me know how I may convey over the Odyſſes for your amuſement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with thoſe of Ulyſſes: I am ſure yours are undertaken upon a more diſintereſted, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without ſaving a friend.

There is lately printed a book wherein all human virtue is reduced to one teſt, that of Truth, and branch'd out in every inſtance of our duty to God and man. If you have not ſeen it, you muſt, and I will ſend it together with the Odyſſey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charm'd with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about Truth, ſince this book appear'd, as they did about Health when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXI.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of thoſe I think ſo well of as your ſelf; their number is not ſo great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination

that I am much employ'd by other people. For tho' my houſe is like the houſe of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by the high-way ſide and receiving all travellers, nevertheleſs I ſeldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief buſineſs is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amuſements, and all the ſilly things which mankind wou'd fain make pleaſures of, when in truth they are labour and ſorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of Cadogan as on the fate of a mortal man: Eſteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his laſt period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his courſe. He certainly knew himſelf beſt at laſt, and knew beſt the little value of others, whoſe neglect of him whom they ſo groſsly follow'd and flatter'd in the former ſcene of his life, ſhew'd them as worthleſs as they cou'd imagine him to be, were he all that his worſt enemies believ'd of him. For my own part, I am ſorry for his death, and wiſh he had lived long enough to ſee ſo much of the faithleſsneſs of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing ſuch wretches as he muſt have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you cou'd have no great value for this Great Man, yet acquaintance itſelf, the cuſtom of ſeeing the face, or entring under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wiſh at leaſt for his being above ground, and a degree of uneaſineſs at his removal. 'Tis the loſs of an object familiar to us: I ſhould hardly care to have an old poſt pull'd up, that I remember'd ever ſince I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the caſe of ſuch as were not the beſt of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compaſſion. To ſay the truth, either in the caſe of death or life, almoſt every body and every thing is a cauſe or object for humanity, even proſperity itſelf, and health itſelf, ſo many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am ſorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you

don't name the perſon. But I conclude it is one of thoſe to whoſe houſes you tell me you are going, for I know no invitation with you is ſo ſtrong as when any oneis in diſtreſs, or in want of your aſſiſtance: The ſtrongeſt proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loſs of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will ſuffer on theſe occaſions, but a good mind rewards its own ſufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as poſſible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius his mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis* — I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding City. I am only to ſtay out my leaſe, for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an Inn at Twitenham, as long as I am Hoſt of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours. — Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

LETTER CLXXII.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and conſiderate, (things few people can be charged with.) Do not ſay you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing ſometimes to you, than thinking often of you. I know the world too well, not to value you; who are an example of acting, living and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery, tho' my hope can riſe no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the ſmall addition of a few days to the many ſhe has already ſeen. Yet ſo ſhort and tranſitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or ſhine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing elſe that will live for me, or conſume itſelf in my ſervice. But I wou'd have you think this is

not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually for it coſts us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay or ſhe at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be diſturbed for many things in this world; but thoſe offices that are neceſſary duties either to our friends or our ſelves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and eaſe of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the higheſt pleaſure; and thoſe who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themſelves ever ſo dearly. At the ſame time it muſt be own'd, one meets with cruel diſappointments in ſeeing ſo often the beſt endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is moſt cruel of all) thro' their own means. But ſtill I affirm, thoſe very diſappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleaſures, than the utmoſt gratifications and ſucceſſes of a mere ſelf-lover.

The great and ſudden event which has juſt now happened, puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new ſtate: The only uſe I have, ſhall, or wiſh to make of it, is to obſerve the Diſparity of men from themſelves in a weeks time: the deſultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new meaſures: and that ſtrange ſpirit and life, with which men broken and diſappointed reſume their hopes, their ſollicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a Philoſopher, to be buſy in theſe obſervations, and to come hither to ſee the fury and buſtle of the Bees this hot ſeaſon, without coming ſo near as to be ſtung by them. Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER CLXXIII.

June 17, 1728.

AFter the publiſhing of my Boyiſh Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I ſhould forſwear writing a letter again while I live; ſince I do not correſpond with a friend upon the terms of any other free ſubject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be ſilent, or reſerved; and I am ſure my opinion of your heart is ſuch, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world ſhould know. I could publiſh my own heart too, I will venture to ſay, for any miſchief or malice there's in it; but a little too much folly or weakneſs might (I fear) appear to make ſuch a ſpectacle either inſtructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to ſecure me from the like uſage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preſerved; that I may not be hurt after my death by that which was the happineſs of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of my ſelf to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a viſit to London: Curioſity and the love of diſſipation dye apace in me. I am not glad nor ſorry for it, but I am very ſorry for thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have ſmall hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to pleaſe a world not very candid or deſerving. If I can preſerve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, conſidering how little good I can do even them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are ſo willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the ſoft ſenſations, the greateſt pleaſure is to give and receive mutual Truſt. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made

happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taſte, amidſt the Inſipid, the Diſagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-ſweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleaſures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be reliſh'd long: and vivacity in ſome caſes is worſe than dulneſs. Therefore indeed for many years I have not choſen my companions for any of the qualities in faſhion, but almoſt intirely for that which is the moſt out-of-faſhion, ſincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyrick, and perhaps my own too, for next to poſſeſſing the beſt of qualities is the eſteeming and diſtinguiſhing thoſe who poſſeſs it. I truly love and value you, and ſo I ſtop ſhort.

LETTER CLXXIV.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My Lord, *Aug.* 24, 1728.

I Preſume you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many Beauties animal and vegetable in Gardens; and poſſibly ſome rational in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have ſeen will only contribute to it. I am not ſo fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I wou'd ſay there are ſome very reaſonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at leaſt half the year almoſt as much your own maſter as I am mine the whole year: and with all the diſadvantageous incumbrance of quality, parts, and honour, as meer a gardiner, loyterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the laſt of theſe glorious appellations to the ſtyle of a Lord

degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, ſays Tully, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can be ſaid by moſt modern Nobility of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiæ*. The great Turk, you know, is often a Gardiner, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) ſome circumſtances in which you would reſemble the great Turk? The two Paradiſes are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and ſome there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muſſelmen.

We have as little politicks here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton; and our Miniſters I dare ſay have leſs to do. Our weekly hiſtories are only full of the feaſts given to the Queen and Royal Family by their ſervants, and the long and laborious walks her majeſty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Hiſtorians hereafter ſhall be ſilent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make poſterity ſome amends, by being furniſhed with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis ſome comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been abſent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, thro' modeſty, thro' idleneſs, and thro' reſpect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as ſoon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me my Lord yours.

LETTER CLXXV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Muſt confeſs that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curioſity. I went thither to ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like.

I had the idea of thoſe gardens ſo fixt in my imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing ſurprized me; Immenſity, and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joyning in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me uſe this expreſſion, I confeſs the ſtately Sachariſſa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the ſubject, and wonder at your miſtake: why will you imagine women inſenſible to Praiſe, much leſs to yours? I have ſeen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am ſure the Farmereſs at Bevis in her higheſt mortifications, in the middle of her Lent, would feel emotions of vanity, if ſhe knew you gave her the character of a reaſonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another miſtake which hinder'd me ſhowing your letter to a friend: when you join two ladies in the ſame compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would pleaſe neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more diſpoſed to criticiſe your letter. What Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without politicks? With politicks indeed the Richlieu's and ſuch folks have brought about great things in former days: but what are they, Sir, who without policy in our times can make ten treaties in a year, and ſecure everlaſting Peace?

I can no longer diſagree with you, tho' in jeſt. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your Eſteem of that moſt noble title, Loiterer: If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Lazineſs: No man ſure could blame my choice of ſuch a Deity, who conſiders, that when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with ſome wiſe man able to undo my labours.

Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER CLXXVI.

YOU were in a very Polemick humour when you did me the honour to anſwer my laſt. I always underſtood, like a true controvertiſt, that to anſwer is only to cavil and quarrel: however I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemicks do) to ſhew your parts. Elſe was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It's true my Lord, you know women, as well as men: but ſince you certainly love them better, why are you ſo uncharitable in your opinion of them? ſurely one Lady may allow another to have the thing ſhe herſelf leaſt values, Reaſon, when Beauty is unconteſted? Venus her ſelf could allow Minerva to be Goddeſs of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool her ſelf thought) on a better account. I do ſay, that Lady P* is a reaſonable woman; and I think ſhe will not take it amiſs, if I ſhould inſiſt upon Eſteeming her, inſtead of Toaſting her like a ſilly thing I could name, who is the Venus of theſe days. I ſee you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reaſonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have ſhown your letter to one who would take it candidly.

But for God's ſake, what have you ſaid about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the truſt you repoſed in my prudence, or what miſchief might not I have done you with ſome that affect that denomination? Your Lordſhip might as ſafely have ſpoken of Heroes. What a bluſter would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd againſt Æolus, or, (like Xerxes) whipp'd the ſeas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearſal,

I'll give him flaſh for flaſh ——
I'll give him daſh for daſh ——

But all now is ſafe; the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raiſe your envy to find all the Muſes imployed in celebrating a Royal work, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Weſtminſter. I think Swift, Gay, and I, could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expenſive: but the ſame hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all elſe ſhou'd fail, you are ſure at leaſt of the head, hand, and heart of your ſervant.

Why ſhould you fear any diſagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis? Do as I do, even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to publick affairs we never knew a deader ſeaſon: 'tis all ſilent, deep tranquillity. Indeed they ſay 'tis ſometimes ſo juſt before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we obſerve the wiſe neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears. Or if you, my Lord, ſhould be prick'd on by any old-faſhion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it neceſſary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spit-head, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concern'd; and will contribute to empty the largeſt bowl of punch that ſhall be rigg'd out on ſuch an occaſion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you as may be happy and honourable!

LETTER CLXXVII.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU muſt receive my letters with a juſt impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I ſink

grievouſly with the weather-glaſs, and am quite ſpiritleſs when oppreſt with the thoughts of a Birth-day or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful lazineſs, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however if alive, I muſt make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you ſhowed one letter you may ſhow the other; ſhe that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuſe, where a ſin of Omiſſion, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial ſin.

I conſent you ſhall call me Polemick, or aſſociate me to any ſect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues, or to the Pacifick Politicians of the preſent age. I have read over †Barkley in vain, and find, after a ſtroak given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring my ſelf to, is to bear mortification from the Fair ſex with patience.

You ſeem to think it vexatious that I ſhould allow you but one woman at a time, either to praiſe, or love. If I diſpute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict againſt me: ſo Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you Pluralities, the favourite priviledge of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you muſt not think of women in a reaſonable way: You know we always make Goddeſſes of thoſe we adore upon earth, and do not all the good men tell us, we muſt lay aſide Reaſon in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy, 'tis well to lay in antidotes of ſoft rhyme, againſt the rough proſe they may chance to meet with at Weſtminſter. I ſhould have been glad of any thing of Swift's, pray when you write to him, next tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd, and as much out of the way, as himſelf. Yours.

† Barkley's apology for the Quakers.

LET-

LETTER CLXXVIII.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

WHenever you apply as a good Papiſt to your female Mediatrix, you are ſure of ſucceſs; but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire ſubmiſſion to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However if you will accept of country letters, ſhe will correſpond from the haycock and I will write to you upon the ſide of my wheelbarrow: ſurely ſuch letters might eſcape examination!

Your Idea of the Golden Age is, that every ſhepherd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleaſed.

Oh how I wiſh, to my ſelf and my friends, a freedom which Fate ſeldom allows, and which we often refuſe our ſelves! why is our Shepherdeſs in voluntary ſlavery? why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the Colour of his coat, and live abſent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon You, to be ſprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption. Your, &c.

LETTER CLXXIX.

From the Same. 1732.

I Am under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr. Swift at Bevis Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this proteſtant land moſt eſpe-

cially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience; every one muſt confeſs that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay at worſt many good men hold, that for a good end ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to my ſelf, becauſe I know you wiſh me well; I am cur'd of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſt with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for Truth, and a ſaucy love for my Country.

When a Chriſtian Prieſt preached againſt the Spirit of the Goſpel, when an Engliſh Judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the Miniſter acted againſt common-Senſe, I uſed to fret.

Now Sir, let what will happen, I keep my ſelf in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears: but as to the things of this world, I find my ſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the Tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroick diſpoſition, or what I more fear, if the Draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſh-man of want of ſpirit; I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail. Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXXX.

From Dr. SWIFT *to the Earl of* PETERBOROW.

My Lord,

I Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile and ſo fixt as your Lordſhip: You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world where you have, or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you, for being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admir'd at the capriciouſneſs of fortune, in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced Courts to act againſt their oldeſt, and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a General, becauſe you had courage and conduct; an Ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowlege in the intereſts of Europe; and an Admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs whereas according to the uſual method of Court proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Arch-Biſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the publick, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Miniſtry us'd to tell me, that not

knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think you have no houſe. Pray my Lord write to me, that I may have the pleaſure in this ſcoundrel country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending Parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow. I am, &c.

LETTER CLXXXI.

To ——

Sept. 23.

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vaſt Wood; and one may addreſs to you as to a very abſtracted perſon, like Alexander Selkirk, or the * Self-taught Philoſopher. I ſhould be very curious to know what ſort of contemplations employ you? I remember the latter of thoſe I mention'd, gave himſelf up to a devout exerciſe of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the cœleſtial bodies. I don't think it at all impoſſible that Mr. L * may be far advanced in that exerciſe, by frequent turns toward the ſeveral aſpects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleas'd to direct him in ſearch of proſpects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time as birds are tam'd by being whirl'd about; and doubtleſs come no to deſpiſe the meaneſt ſhrubs or coppice-wood, (tho' naturally he ſeems more inclin'd to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber: for as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ.*) I wiſh my ſelf with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or ſmooth conſent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that laſt article, I am of opinion your Lordſhip has a loſs of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquieſc'd at night in

* The Title of an Arabic Treatiſe of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

the beſt concluſion of which human reaſon ſeems capable in all great matters, to fall faſt aſleep! And ſo we ended, unleſs immediate Revelation (which ever muſt overcome human reaſon) ſuggeſted ſome new lights to us, in a Viſion in Bed. But laying aſide Theory, I am told you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church, when once it is ſet up, you muſt maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences; then ceaſe the pleaſant luminous days of inſpiration, and there's an end of miracles at once.

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the reſt with an account of a conſultation lately held in my neighbourhood, about deſigning a princely garden. Several Criticks were of ſeveral opinions: One declar'd he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (ſaid he) of gardening is, that it is only ſweeping Nature: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taſte, for all the fineſt abroad were of looſe ſand: A third adviſ'd peremptorily there ſhould not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation; a fourth made the ſame excluſive clauſe extend to Horſe-cheſnuts, which he affirm'd not to be Trees, but Weeds; Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth; and thus about half the Trees were proſcrib'd, contrary to the Paradiſe of God's own planting, which is expreſsly ſaid to be planted with *all trees*. There were ſome who cou'd not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them Never-greens; ſome, who were angry at them only when cut into Shapes, and gave the modern Gard'ners the name of Ever-green Taylors; ſome who had no diſlike to Cones and Cubes, but wou'd have 'em cut in Foreſt-trees; and ſome who were in a paſſion againſt any thing in ſhape, even againſt clipt Hedges, which they call'd Green Walls. Theſe (my Lord) are our Men of Taſte, who pretend to prove it by taſting little or nothing: Sure ſuch a Taſte is like ſuch a Stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the ſame ſort of Critics in Poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroicks, another cannot reliſh Tragedies, another hates Paſtorals, all little Wits delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, we have the ſame in Divinity? where many leading Critics are for

rooting-up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furniſh'd, or very oddly trimm'd.

I have lately been with my Lord * who is a zealous yet charitable Planter, and has ſo bad a Taſte, as to like all that is good. He has a diſpoſition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of ſeeing your Lordſhip with the delight I always ſee you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wiſh for you. I am, &c.

LETTER CLXXXII.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

1731.

THE clamour rais'd about my Epiſtle to you, could not give me ſo much pain, as I receiv'd pleaſure, in ſeeing the general zeal of the world in the cauſe of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordſhip in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deſerv'd this from you; for as I had the honour to be your friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet: but ſure the Writer deſerv'd more candor, even from thoſe who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble perſon, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cauſe to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty ſhould be applied to one; ſince, by that means, nineteen wou'd eſcape the ridicule.

I was toowell content with my knowledge of that * Noble Perſon's opinion in this affair, to trouble the publick about it. But ſince malice and miſtake are ſo long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my

* Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch--- wrote to Mr. Pope on this occaſion.

own heart is as conſcious, as I fear ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatneſs of mind can bear with indifference the inſult offer'd to himſelf.

However, my Lord, I own, that Critics of this ſort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That wou'd be making the Town a compliment which I think it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as ſlander rais'd by fools of the loweſt rank, can find any countenance from thoſe of a higher. Even from the conduct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learnt there are ſome who wou'd rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-places; and change my ſubject from their Pride to their Meanneſs, from their Vanities to their Miſeries: and as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd applications, I may probably, in my next, make uſe of real Names inſtead of fictitious ones. I am, &c.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

To Mr. C——

Sept. 2, 1732.

† I Aſſure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permiſſion you now give me, to be plain and unreſerved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long ſince; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I cou'd be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would

not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you gueſs; I could not eſteem your conduct, to an object of miſery ſo near you as Mrs. —— and I have often hinted it to your ſelf: The truth is, I cannot yet eſteem it for any reaſon I am able to ſee. But this I promiſe, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no farther cauſe of complaint for the unhappy lady gives me now no farther pain; ſhe is no longer an object either of yours, or my compaſſion; the hardſhips done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the perſons concern'd in occaſioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correſpondence, I am ſorry you ſeem to put the Teſt of my friendſhip upon that, becauſe it is what I am diſqualify'd from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obſtacles which I can't ſurmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet ſtronger than all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expreſſing my reſpect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns to my private friends; I hardly dare, while there are Curlls in the world. If you pleaſe to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Bookſellers, or the ſilly curioſity of people in general; you'll confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to indulge correſpondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abſtracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wiſh my friends wou'd ſend me back thoſe forfeitures of my diſcretion, commit to my juſtice what I truſted only to their indulgence, and return me at the years end thoſe trifling letters which can be to them but a days amuſement, but to me may prove a diſcredit as laſting and extenſive, as the aforeſaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary ſcriblers, or curious ſimpletons, can make it

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not anſwering your queſtion about ſome Party papers, and their authors.

This inded I could not tell you, becauſe I never was, or will be privy to ſuch papers: And if by accident thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I ſhould certainly never be the Reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country houſe, I have often wiſh'd it; it was my compliance to a ſuperior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a chriſtian to wiſh I ſhou'd have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for ſuch a journey.

Upon the whole, I muſt acquit my ſelf of any act or thought in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as ſo long and obliging an acquaintance and correſpondent. I am ſure I have all the good wiſhes for your ſelf and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I ſhould not be ready to extol, or to rejoyce in. And therefore I beg you to be aſſured, I am in diſpoſition and will, tho' not ſo much as I wou'd be in teſtimonies or writing, Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

To Mr. ——

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually deſire to ſee one another, I hoped that this day our wiſhes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reaſon which poſſibly might hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as eaſy, as her life was innocent; and as it coſt her not a groan, or even a ſigh, there is yet upon her countenance ſuch an expreſſion of Tranquillity, nay almoſt of pleaſure, that far from horrid, it is even amiable to behold it. It

wou'd afford the fineſt Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it wou'd be the greateſt obligation which even That obliging Art could ever beſtow on a friend, if you cou'd come and sketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent obſtacle, you will leave any common buſineſs to do this: and I hope to ſee you this evening as late as you will, or to morrow morning as early, before this Winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to morrow night. I know you love me, or I cou'd not have written this — I could not (at this time) have written at all.— Adieu! May you dye as happily! Your, &c.

LETTER CLXXXV.

To Mr. B——

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendſhip and ſincere eſteem were to be meaſured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without ſaying ſomething of my own condition, and of my loſs of ſo old and ſo deſerving a parent, which really wou'd have troubled you; or I muſt have kept a ſilence upon that head, which wou'd not have ſuited that freedom and ſincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneaſy to me ſtill, and I am therefore wandring about all this ſummer. I was but four days at Twickenham ſince the occaſion that made it ſo melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Eſſex, and am now at Dawley (whoſe maſter is your ſervant) and going to Cirenceſter to Lord Bathurſt. I ſhall alſo ſee Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nam I ſhall forſake together. I wiſh I did not leave our friend, who

Mrs. Pope dyed the ſeventh of June, 1733. aged 93.

deſerves more quiet and more health and happineſs, than can be found in ſuch a family. The reſt of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradiſe. I heartily hope Yorkſhire is the ſame to you; and that no evil, moral or phyſical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leiſure, and no other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man: There will be in it one line that may offend you, (I fear) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unleſs you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny my ſelf the greateſt pleaſure I am capable of receiving, becauſe another may have the modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a poor Poet can do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he cannot reach; beſides, that in this age, I have too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You ſee what an intereſted man I am.

Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

To ——

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me: every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay with whom I paſt once a great deal of pleaſant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite loſt to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place: the ſame ſort of uneaſineſs as I find at Twitnam, whenever I paſs near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. G. I think I ſhould, but have nothing to ſay that will anſwer the character they conſider me in, as a Wit: beſides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cauſe of

it) I'll put 'em out for no body but a friend: and I proteſt it brings tears into them almoſt to write to you, when I think of your ſtate and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greateſt pain I know is to ſay things ſo very ſhort of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the goings out of life faſt enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at beſt uſeleſs, and for the moſt part unfelt, ſpeeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that friendſhip walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs muſt; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite ſo many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of conſequence: The reſt I believe I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the firſt warm heats are over, is all down-hill; and one almoſt wiſhes the journey's end, provided we were ſure but to lye down eaſy, whenever the Night ſhall overtake us.

I dream'd all laſt night of —— ſhe has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my ſpirits: I ſaw a very deſerving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have hear'd, had much the ſame misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and ſenſe) ſtill bears a cloud and melancholy caſt that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and converſation. I know another, who I believe could promiſe and eaſily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one muſt do one's beſt, not to be uſed by the world as that poor lady was by her ſiſter; and not ſeem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimſical.

It is a real truth, that to the laſt of my moments, the thought of you, and the beſt of my wiſhes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wiſh you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to act for your ſelf, whether before or after I leave you (the only way I ever ſhall leave you) you muſt determine: but reflect, that the firſt wou'd make me, as well as your ſelf, happier; the latter could make you only ſo. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampſtead, July 17, 1734.

I Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerv'd by my friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in legacies: beſides the aſſurance of their ſincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found ſome relief, at leaſt ſometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worſe.

As for you, my good friend, I think ſince our firſt acquaintance there have not been any of thoſe little ſuſpicions or jealouſies that often affect the ſincereſt friendſhips; I am ſure not on my ſide. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for thoſe Talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendſhip; they were quite of another ſort; nor ſhall I at preſent offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Laſt Requeſt, that you will continue that Noble Diſdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you ſeem naturally endu'd with; but ſtill with a due regard to your own Safety; and ſtudy more to reform than chaſtiſe, tho' the one often cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurſt I have always honour'd, for every good quality that a perſon of his rank ought to have: Pray give my reſpects and kindeſt wiſhes to the family. My veniſon ſtomach is gone, but I have thoſe about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his preſent. If it is left at my houſe it will be tranſmitted ſafe to me.

A recovery in my caſe, and at my age, is impoſſible; the kin-

deſt wiſh of my friends is Euthanaſia. Living or dying, I ſhall always be Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſh'd yours, and for which I have ſo long loved you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Diſtruſt, but by any Vanity, much leſs any Intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a Laſt Requeſt, ſhall have its due weight with me. That diſdain and indignation againſt Vice, is (I thank God) the only diſdain and indignation I have: It is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid is impoſſible, and that the beſt Precepts, as well as the beſt Laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no Examples to inforce them. To attack Vices in the abſtract, without touching Perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reaſon, which in moſt men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and ſtrike the Senſes, nay raiſe the Paſſions, and call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the caſe his own; and that is the only way by which ſuch men can be affected, much leſs deterr'd. So that to chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight,

has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greateſt comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who have no ſhame, and no fear, of any thing elſe, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. Some Characters I have drawn are ſuch, that if there be any who deſerve 'em, 'tis evidently a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe men out: yet ſuch as if all the world gave them, none I think will own they take to themſelves. But if they ſhould, thoſe of whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, muſt be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dark, have ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whiſperer, are not the ſame that qualify a man for an Inſulter; and as to private villany, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an Aſſaſination, as in a Libel. I will conſult my ſafety ſo far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not ſo far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honeſt one. As to perſonal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I ſhall not forfeit it: for that of the Great, or thoſe in power, I may wiſh I had it, but if thro' miſrepreſentations (too common about perſons in that ſtation) I have it not, I ſhall be ſorry, but not miſerable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satyriſts than I have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Auguſtus and Mecœnas made Horace their companion, tho' he had been in arms on the ſide of Brutus; and allow me to remark it was out of the ſuff'ring Party too, that they favour'd and diſtinguiſh'd Virgil. You will not ſuſpect me of comparing my ſelf with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau: I have always been too modeſt to imagine my Panegyricks were Incenſe worthy of a Court; and that I hope will be thought the true reaſon why I have never offer'd any. I would

only have obſerv'd, that it was under the greateſt Princes and beſt Miniſters, that moral Satyriſts were moſt encouraged; and that then Poets exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the Follies, as Hiſtorians did over the Vices of men. It may alſo be worth conſidering, whether Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their falſe Taſte and Affectation, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, that Horace was protected and careſs'd; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal baniſh'd.

I wou'd not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart on this ſubject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Requeſt which you make your laſt to me, and to perform it with Temper, Juſtice, and Reſolution. As your Approbation, (being the teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in ſomething more deſerving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God (which I know will alſo be yours) that we muſt ſeparate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu my dear friend! and may God preſerve your life eaſy, or make your death happy.

P.S. *Since* the foregoing *Sheets were printed off, the following Letters having been publiſhed without the Conſent of their Writers, we have added them, tho' not in the order of time.*

LETTER CLXXXIX.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Auguſt 1723.

I Find a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both ſtings and pleaſes me extreamly. Your ſaying that I ought to have writ a Poſtſcript to my Friend Gay's, makes me not content to write leſs than a whole Letter; and your ſeeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a ſincere effect of Friendſhip. Indeed, as I cannot but own the Lazineſs with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of writing, ſo I really thought you would know your ſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my Friendſhip, that it was a poſſeſſion you could not imagine ſtood in need of any farther Deeds or Writings to aſſure you of it.

Whatever you ſeem to think of your withdrawn and ſeparate ſtate, at this diſtance, and in this Abſence, Dean Swift lives ſtill in England, in every place and company where he would chuſe to live, and I find him in all the Converſations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I deſire any ſhare.

We have never met theſe many years without mention of you: Beſides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are ſuch as were yours before. Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you. Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take Me with all his other Hereditary-Rights; and, indeed, he

ſeems grown ſo much a Philoſopher, as to ſet his heart upon ſome of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I have moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed: after both of you left England, my conſtant Hoſt was the Biſhop of Rocheſter; ſure this is a Nation that is curſedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeneſs, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborough (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a ſolid General; and if he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome Account of my manner of Life and Converſation, which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Profeſſions. A Glut of Study and Retirement, in the firſt part of my life, caſt me into this; and this I begin to ſee will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from oppoſite Setts of people, have hindred me from being violent or ſour to any Party; but at the ſame time the Obſervations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurprized at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the World pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietneſs of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo good humoured as to wiſh that World well. My Friendſhips are increaſed by new ones, yet no part of the Warmth I felt for the old is diminiſhed. Averſions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and ſuch I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think thoſe next to Knaves who converſe with them. The greateſt Man in

power of this ſort ſhall hardly make me bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal obligation to him, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleaſure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to uſe; the Freedom of Friendſhip with men much my Superiors. To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have diſpleaſed them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourſe with Poets and Scriblers, unleſs where by great chance I have found a modeſt one. By theſe means I have had no quarrels with any perſonally: none have been Enemies but who were alſo Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Eclairciſment with ſuch, whatever they writ or ſaid I never retaliated; not only never ſeeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have would be to paſs my days with you, and a few ſuch as you: But Fate has diſperſed them all about the world; and I find to wiſh it is as vain, as to wiſh to live to ſee the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Juſt upon Earth.

If I have ſinned in my long ſilence, conſider there is one to whom you your ſelf have been as great a ſinner. As ſoon as you ſee his Hand, you will learn to do me juſtice, and feel in your Heart how long a man may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and reſpects.

LETTER CLXL.

Lord B. *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I Am not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to Lazineſs; in defending his

own cauſe he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge; you will do the ſame on your part; and I, and the reſt of your common Friends, ſhall have great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous Tribunals: You reſemble perfectly the two Alehouſe-Keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame time Burgomaſters of the Town, and taxed one anothers Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will not ſtand to the award; my Title to your Friendſhip is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but Annual-Acknowledgments at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it; and I begin to ſuſpect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to diſpute it, and to urge Preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about my ſelf (ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity) was it not to try, how far the contraſt between Pope's Fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been then infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion, among the whole female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for our ſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the ſunſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the ſake of the Hermit; a few philoſophical Friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extreamly from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarſe voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are baniſhed from it, and if the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff are admitted, this diſtinction is owing

to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious Philoſopher, had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his Precurſors among the Arabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seres) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom —— When I am there, I forget I was ever of any party my ſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as Party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman Hiſtorians, by Guicciardin, by Machiavel, and by Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no Hiſtory of our own country, till that body of it which you promiſe to finiſh appears.

I am under no apprehenſions that a glut of ſtudy and retirement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life: my Philoſophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again I will extort this approbation from you, I am *conſilio bonus, ſed more eo productus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed nil non recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſetts of people, have been ſo far from rendring me violent or ſour to any, that I think my ſelf obliged to them all; ſome have cured me of my fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurprize; in driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of Titles, and Rank, and Eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoyced, angry nor pleaſed at

what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquility is the general tenour of my life; good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad; I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould methinks precede them; my loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me; I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool: One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutlers ſhop in Germany; but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty Raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: The Fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the Knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teizes me like the Fly. This is the picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it. — Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee intirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LET-

LETTER CLXLI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

RETurning from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends, and a man might be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it; one thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt Friendſhip and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit my ſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembred by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep my ſelf here — *Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in you pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough, to go into a corner, and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi & fuga ſæculi*, unleſs a Poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as Miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your Happineſs is greater than your merit, in chuſing your Favourites ſo indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I ſuppoſe Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Conſtitution of Church and State, than a Chriſtian at Conſtantinople; and you are ſo much the wiſer and

the happier, becauſe both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of Friendſhip are new to me, I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the firſt place in my Friendſhip, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another ſcene, and therefore I diſtribute it in Pennyworths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow-priſoners if I were condemned to a jayl. I can likewiſe tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, becauſe their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not ſo troubleſome, as that of fools. I have often endeavour'd to eſtabliſh a friendſhip among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are ſeldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was ſo among the Poets in the time of Auguſtus; but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large Tribe: Under the name of Poets and Scriblers, I ſuppoſe you mean the Fools you are content to ſee ſometimes, when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be call'd ſo in this Country. I chuſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence and moſt complyance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects: But riding, walking, and ſleeping take up eighteen of the twenty four hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have ſeveral things to finiſh which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc eſt vita Solutorum, &c.* I ſend

you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath paſſed four months this ſummer with two grave acquaintance at his country houſe without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight Miles diſtant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the Court of Requeſts, the Park, the Opera's and the Coffee-houſe, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You muſt remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay — I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. J— to whoſe houſe I addreſs this, for want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your laſt whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you? I am ever, &c.

LETTER XCII.

To Dr. SWIFT.

December 10, 1725.

I Find my ſelf the better acquainted with you for a long Abſence, as men are with themſelves for a long Affliction: Abſence does but hold off a Friend, to make one ſee him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you ſeem to think in my favour; an opinion which perhaps has been aggrandized by the diſtance or dulneſs of Ireland, (as objects look larger thro' a medium of Foggs) and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the

notion that all Scriblers ſhould be paſt by in ſilence. To vindicate ones ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your country-man, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhowing his backſide. So let Gildon and Philips reſt in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you for an Hoſpital in which to lodge the Deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it wou'd be fill'd wholly like Chelſea, with maimed Soldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I wou'd rather have thoſe, that out of ſuch generous principles as you and I deſpiſe it, fly in its face, then retire from it. Not that I have much anger againſt the Great; my ſpleen is at the little rogues of it: It would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piſs-pot, than by a Thunder-bolt. As to great Oppreſſors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects miſchief from them, but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherley ſaid to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the underſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries ——— this wou'd provoke as dull a dog as Ph——s himſelf.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L—— thinks all this indiſcreet: the Dr. not ſo: he loves miſchief the beſt of any good natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; If ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns a Divine. Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I ſuppoſe Mr. Philips will take

this very ill, for two reaſons; one that he thinks all chidliſh things belong to him; and the other, becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you: and that many others whom you do not think the worſt of will be gratified by it; none more (be aſſured) than yours, &c.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM